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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

OUR FREE COLORED POPULATION.

From The Philadelphia North American (Repub.).

If there is any one fact established by steadily accumulating evidence, it is that the free negro cannot find a congenial home in the United States. He is an exotic amongst us; and all the efforts of philanthropists to naturalize him on American soil, and under American skies, have failed. We know that it is common to attribute this failure to the prejudice of the whites, which defeats all the attempts made to improve radically and permanently the condition of the blacks; but after allowing to this cause all the influence which it deserves, it must be admitted that it does not explain the almost universal degradation of the colored population in the free States, and we must look beyond prejudice and social ostracism, and the unequal legislation which may be supposed to flow from these, for some deeper explanation—one which we believe is to be found in the constitution of the negro himself.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the mere circumstance of removing the political disabilities under which any particular class may happen to labor is sufficient, of itself, to alter and improve their condition. The most that liberal institutions and laws can do is to leave men free to the exercise and development of the faculties in general; and according to the nature of these faculties, and the innate qualities of the soul, will be the state of the man and of society resulting. Now, so far as the colored population of most of the free States are concerned, there are no laws that trammel their faculties, or limit the sphere of their industry. They are at liberty to pursue most callings, and to accumulate property. The laws extend protection to the person and property of the colored man as they do to the whites. And to prove this, if proof were needed, it would be easy to mention the names of a few persons belonging to this class who have grown rich by honest industry. And in the face of such a state of things, when we find the great bulk of our colored population, ninety-nine in a hundred, making a precarious livelihood by contentedly performing the most menial offices, or living in idleness and wretchedness, we can hardly fail to attribute it to characteristics of their own. It cannot be doubted that enough sympathy is felt for our colored people to furnish them with encouragement and patronage if they had the enterprise to become good mechanics and laborers, and the energy to compete with the white laborer. And, besides, in the North, there is usually such a demand for labor as to absorb the supply, and no well-qualified workman, unless in periods of depression, need fear to be unemployed. But we see the blacks daily driven from avocations once deemed almost exclusively their own. It is long since they have flourished in any of the trades, if they ever pursued them with success. Within a few years they have ceased to be hackney coachmen and draymen; and they are now almost displaced as stevedores. They are rapidly losing their places as barbers and servants. Ten families employ white servants now where one did twenty years ago. Whatever explanation may be given to these facts, the facts themselves cannot be denied; and what is to be done with our colored population, unless they can be induced to return as colonists to the native land of their race, or seek some other tropical region, baffles the wisest of us to say.

We are led to these remarks by reflecting on the great reluctance displayed by the people of the new States to having free negroes settle amongst them. There is something more in this than mere prejudice or jealousy. It is exhibited in places where the political sentiments of the people are as diverse as in Kansas, Oregon and Iowa. It seems as if it were to become a rule, in framing a constitution for a new State, to prohibit the residence of free negroes. In the case of a slave State it is not difficult to understand this. The presence of the free negro is disadvantageous to the slave. And besides, the policy of the slave States is to discourage manumission, which draws from the resources of the State by diminishing the number of laborers. But in a free State, where emigration is invited by holding out every inducement to the inhabitants of the old States and to foreigners, this aversion to the presence of colored people can only be explained by the opinion that has obtained, almost universally, that they cannot become useful citizens of the United States; or, in other words, that they cannot compete, on equal terms, with the white races.

This opinion is undoubtedly founded on observation. It has come to prevail in the free States, in spite of theories—we had almost said in defiance of the wishes of good men everywhere. And it is of the utmost importance that this truth should be fully recognized by humane and philanthropic men. We believe that all labors directed to the promotion of the welfare of the free colored man, as well as the slave population of this country, will miserably fail, unless the truth be borne in mind. We applaud, to the echo, the movement made in Russia by the Czar, to enfranchise the peasant, and raise the serf to the dignity of a free man; and this because there is no natural difference between the Russian landlord and his servant attached to the soil. The latter possesses all the capabilities belonging to the former, and needs only that chance of development which the restriction imposed by the laws forbade him to enjoy. But the perplexing problem which we in the United States must bring to a practical solution is what is to be done for a race which, in the absence of prohibitory laws, can make no headway whatever for itself; or, at least, none in the presence of a race of superior intellectual force and energy? We see new communities springing up, and absolutely prohibiting the residence of a class, marked by peculiar physical and moral characteristics, among them, on the condition that its members must be a burthen on their resources. We see the same class at our own doors, as a body, daily becoming more helpless. Of all questions, none deserve more to be well pondered than that which relates to the disposition to be made of the negroes of this American continent. Let not a hasty judgment pronounce their case utterly hopeless; nor, on the other hand, let false theories respecting the equal intellectual and moral force of the races deceive into a mistaken and injurious policy.

SLAVERY AS A RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. C. WILSON.

To the Editor of The Texas Christian Advocate.

SIR: Suffering under some indisposition, and forbidden by my "medicine man" to speak or write, there are few provocations that could tempt me into such an indiscretion as this. But even as it was in the days of honest Dogberry, so is it in these days that some things are "tolerable and not to be endured."

Let me, without preface, and by way of getting at what I want to say, briefly recapitulate some of the more notorious actings and doings of the Northern Methodist Church toward the South.

They cast us out as evil solely because of our connection with domestic slavery.

They attempted to defraud us of our share in the Church property.

They have zealously striven, and are continually striving to organize anti-slavery Churches within the bounds of every Southern border State.

This much is from the record; what else they have done, and are doing, is best known to the conductors of "the underground railroad."

In pursuance of their incendiary abolition propagandism, they send missionaries to Northern Texas, and, in the course of time and events, endeavor to organize in Texas an *Abolition Missionary Conference.*

The citizens of the vicinage peaceably assembled in mass meeting, and having calmly considered the unpleasant emergency thus forced upon them, proceeded to meet it in most astonishing moderation.

A committee of citizens was appointed, who, in conformity with their instructions, respectfully informed the Bishop and other clerical gentlemen composing the Conference that their labors were not needed, nor their presence by any means desired.

The conduct of our fellow-citizens of Northern Texas was characterized by a mildness which would scarcely be emulated nearer the sea-board; yet, mild as it was, it has elicited a good deal of severe animadversion, and called forth no small amount of pathetic lamentation from the Northern Methodist press.

This was to be expected; but they do not stop at this. They occasionally cease to scold and "shriek," exercisers strictly in their line, and attempt to reason, which is altogether outside of their vocation. Reason could never conduct a Christian to the conclusion that it is necessary to church-membership that the candidate should be more philanthropic than Paul, who sent back the converted fugitive slave to his Christian master (their plan is to steal him), or more holy than the Son of Man, who healed the slaves and sat at meat with their owners. The following specimen of their reasoning you have already laid before your readers; but let us look at it again:

"If there are twenty-five men in Texas who disapprove of slavery, may they not form an association and hold meetings for scientific or literary or religious purposes, and yet have it a condition that no slaveholder shall meet with them?" (*Zion's Herald*, Boston).

No, forever no! Texas is a slaveholding State, every inch of her wide domain is slave soil, and, by the blessing of God, shall be.

Texas is true to her institutions and to herself, true to the South, true to the slaves, who, in the providence of God, have been given her for the development of her grand resources, the advantage, emolument, comfort and elevation of the white man, and the physical, social, mental and moral advancement of the black. She is true to the development of that gracious and benevolent system which elevates the heathen cannibal and his children into the civilized, intelligent, contented and happy domestics who surround us, who share our labors and sorrows and our joys—who minister to us during the working prime of their stalwart manhood, and to whom we minister in their feeble infancy and frolicksome, thoughtless childhood, in their hours of sickness and suffering, and through the years of burthensome old age.

Nay, far more than this, a system which lifts them from the condition of beastly appetite and gross, devilish superstition into humble, simple, faithful and most joyous worshippers of the true and everlasting God. Bless God for such a system! Amen and Amen!

No! the people of Texas are pro-slavery, through and through; we don't apologize for negro slavery—we glory in it; and no society can or shall exist within our wide-extended border which disqualifies or stigmatizes the slaveholder. Never, never.

But what does *The Pittsburgh Advocate* mean? Hear him.

Our missionaries are safe in foreign lands—won't the stars and stripes protect us in Texas?

To what are we to attribute such language? To the weakness of the writer's mind, or to the immeasurable wickedness of a heart totally depraved "and fatally bent upon mischief?"

Is it mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," or does the writer actually mean to threaten us that Northern Methodism, in its reckless crusade against slavery, will invoke the power of the General Government to force upon us an Abolition Church? If he does mean it, his wickedness is neutralized by his folly.

I would respectfully suggest to him, however, that he had better not come to see it, when he sends "the stars and stripes" into Texas to "protect" Abolition missionaries.

Brother Carnes, permit me, as one of the youngest (not in years, alas!) and least worthy of your brethren in the Texas Methodist ministry, to thank you for your frank and candid, yet, under the circumstances, very moderate, course in this really vexatious affair.

From the general silence of your brethren, it may be supposed, elsewhere, that you are in advance of your members and ministry in the three Texas Conferences; that you stand upon the extreme verge of opinion in this matter. Let no man so deceive himself. Neither you nor any other man has said, or is likely to say, in print, one-half as much as the Methodist Church and the people at large in Texas feel on the subject.

Would that I could send a voice of earnest entreaty and of warning, solemn as death, to those meddling and misguided men, who, in the name of philanthropy, sow folly and will surely reap a harvest of wrath—who, in the name of the God of Peace, come to bring outrage and violence, of which they will be the first victims—martyrs, not to faith, but to foul, infatuated fanaticism.

Mark this! The people of Northern Texas will not be further persecuted. The sacred name of religion alone has thus far shielded you. Renewed aggression they will visit with summary punishment, and all the people will say, Amen!

Let us alone. This is all the South has ever asked of you. This is all the Southern Methodists and the people of Texas now ask; it is our right, and, by the help of God, and at whatever cost, *we will have it.* Let us alone!

Why should you trouble us? We have peace in all our borders; we have an efficient ministry everywhere; and if more are wanted, we have them, good men, able men, men who have the confidence of the people, and who can have free access to the slaves, which you cannot have. Southern Methodism needs no Abolition laborers here. She has the love of the people—better than that, thank God! she deserves that love; and "the best of all is, God is with us." Let us alone!

You *shall* let us alone. Northern Texas is not alone in this matter. Texas, at least on this question, is a unit. Suasion, such as yours, cannot reach us, for we know that you are utterly ignorant of the working of the institution you are seeking to destroy; and coercion, however you may talk about the "protection of the stars and stripes," you will not be mad enough to attempt. Were you to attempt it, you would find your efforts more than futile; on the very first indication of forcible measures, 70,000 men would spring to arms, nor should they lack a Methodist preacher to pray for and preach to them; or, if need were, in the absence of a better, to lead them. May God, in mercy, avert the awful necessity.

Your brother, JAMES C. WILSON.

Gonsales, July 2, 1859.

Selections.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

[We copy, from Mr YERRINTON's report in *The Liberator*, some of the speeches made at the Celebration of the late Anniversary of West India Emancipation at Abington, Mass.]

ADDRESS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THE glorious event which has called us together is worthy of universal commemoration; not merely because 800 000 slaves were instantaneously set free, and their shackles forever broken; but also because it was the first public official recognition of the doctrine of HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, on the part of a great people. Nations have had their various epochs, their great distinctive events; but these have all been national, local—pertaining to themselves, and not to man as man. *Magna Charta*, for instance, was for Englishmen; the Declaration of Independence was for Americans; but the abolition of West India slavery was world-wide, *as a principle*; for man as man, recognized as such by solemn declaration on the part of those who had themselves been guilty of grievous oppression. In the spirit of repentance, and in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, the deed was done; for, if Christianity be anything worthy of acceptance, it must be because it holds all human beings equally precious in the sight of God, to be redeemed by the same blood, under the same eternal law, and to be judged at the same common tribunal. I hold the abolition of British colonial slavery to have been the great work of Christianity—Christianity, not as defined by the Church, or sanctioned by the State; Christianity, not of forms, or ceremonies, or times, or seasons; Christianity, not of the Established Church of England, or of any particular religious sect; but Christianity, as exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth; a Christianity of love, which opens prison doors, and proclaims the jubilee to all who are in bondage. Under these circumstances, I hail it in the name of the Christianity which Jesus taught, as one of its great crowning works, and worthy, on that ground, to be universally commemorated. For, talk as we may of the potency of politico-economical considerations in inducing the removal of great practical evils—talk as we may of the efficiency of political action in any particular measure—historically, it will remain forever true, that West India slavery was abolished by moral agitation as the motive power—by truly religious influences, going forth from the awakened consciences and hearts of individual men and women, and moulding public opinion universally in opposition to the continuance of the colossal wrong. If politico-economical considerations helped to settle the question, they did not pioneer the way. No vast system of iniquity has ever been overthrown except it has been assailed in the name of the living God, and branded as sin in the presence of the universe.

They began in England by denouncing the holding of human beings in bondage as sin, only sin, and sin continually; by declaring that no man could hold property in man without committing the crime of crimes in one act. That declaration went forth, touching the human conscience and the human heart, and quickening all reverence for God and his laws, all hatred of wrong and injustice, and consolidating at last the sentiments and feelings of the people into one mighty thunderbolt, and bringing the slave system to the dust.

Slavery in the West India islands was like our own in all its essential features. It was the driving of men and women to unrequited toil under the lash of the slave-driver; it was the striking down of all human rights; it was the annihilating of all human relations among the oppressed, counting a man as a beast, a father as no father, a mother as no mother, and children as having no parents, and regarding them all as property, to be bought and sold, and worked and branded, and lashed and lacerated and murdered with impunity, on the part of their oppressors. Slavery in the colonies was like our own. It had the same defences, the same sophistries, the same pleas to protect itself against the assaults of the friends of justice and humanity. The West India planters pretended to believe slavery to be a natural relation; pretended to believe slavery to be sanctioned by the living God; pretended to find, in the Old Testament and the New, Divine authority for its continuance; pretended that the slaves were contented and happy, and would not accept of their freedom. Slavery in the colonies was like our own. The slaveholders were fierce and savage men. To interrogate their right to hold their slaves set their passions on fire of hell; and there was no crime that they were not ready to commit against those who dared to rebuke them for their iniquity. They had all the devilish machinery of the institution in their own hands, and consequently they imbrued their hands in the blood of the true friends of God and man. They burned down the chapels of the missionaries; they cast those devoted men into their loathsome dungeons; they in some cases caused their death, and in other cases banished them from the island, so that they could not proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Thus, in all these essential features, the Abolitionists of England had to go through the same struggle in which we have been engaged for the last thirty years, only ours has been a mightier and more tremendous struggle, because theirs was a struggle against slavery in the colonies, not in England. It was afar off, and therefore the power of the West India planters in England was not what the power of the American planters is in our land; they were not present in England to corrupt, to intimidate, to overawe, to bribe, to buy up the British people, as such. Still, their power was tremendous; it was, for a time, omnipotent. It ruled the British Parliament, the British Throne, and the British Church; it ruled everything; and for twenty-five years it seemed as though little or nothing had been gained as against that power. At last, the moment came, almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the great revolution, which had been so long in progress, was grandly consummated, and every fetter was broken.

Our struggle is before us. We are living in a land in which one-sixth part of our mighty population is in chains to-day. The Slave Power rules in Carolina, and the Slave Power rules in the Old Bay State. We ourselves, as a Commonwealth, are by the side of Georgia and Alabama. We, as a Commonwealth, have never yet consecrated our soil to the footsteps of fugitive slaves. Up to this hour, we have not dared to write on our statute-book this glorious declaration—The moment any slave touches the soil of Massachusetts, he is a freeman, and Massachusetts will stand by him to the last! We have not come up to that point as yet. Cowards as yet before the Slavocracy, pretending to love Liberty, but afraid to assert her claims; pretending, as a people, to sympathize with the oppressed, but yet not daring to prevent the slaveholder from taking his prey in our very presence; if he once gets his hold upon him, in the name of the American Government, we fall down and are as dead men before him!

Well, this is so at present, but it is not always to be so. We are working up to a right position—alas! altogether too slowly; but we are working up to it. We are a slow, deliberative people. It takes a great deal to move us. We live in a cold clime, and we are like the very granite which we quarry for our building materials; it is hard work to operate upon it, but, then, it is the best material in the world—the most reliable, the most enduring; and when Massachusetts determines for herself that this shall be free soil to every fugitive slave, there will be no power in this General Government, no power in this country, no power in the world, to make her change her position, and recall her edict.

We must labor on. We must see to it that the first thing we do is to consecrate our soil to freedom. I hold it to be strictly impertinent, insulting and ridiculous for a Massachusetts man to denounce slaveholding south of Mason and Dixon's line, who, at the same time, is willing to allow slave-hunting on the soil of Massachusetts. It is preposterous; it is a contradiction in terms. Where do you stand? Are you for protecting the fugitive? That is the question! Are you willing to put your name to a petition to the Legislature, demanding that this soil of ours shall be free soil to all who stand upon it? And as you shall answer yes or no—answer, not with your lips, but with your heart—so shall God put you on the side of those who love him, and love justice and humanity, or among those who are his enemies and the enemies of the human race. God grant that we may all, inspired by one sentiment, "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them," solemnly make up our minds, to-day, that, as for us, we will live and die on the side of universal freedom!

I will no longer occupy your time with preliminary remarks, but will now introduce to you our friend, Rev. Mr. Fisk, of Taunton.

At the conclusion of Mr. Fisk's remarks, Mr. GARRISON said:

I congratulate our anti-slavery friends upon seeing a new face, and hearing a new witness in our cause, on this platform. We have had a brave, eloquent and earnest exposition of the truth, as it relates to the moral degeneracy of the American Church. I trust it will not be the last opportunity we shall have to listen to our friend. He has cleared his own skirts by the faithfulness of his testimony, and I trust will remain true to the end.

One word let me say in regard to the Church of Christ. For one, the day has gone by with me ever to believe or concede that that Church can be a corrupt and oppressive body. No organization which sanctions injustice is, or can be, the Church of Christ; hence, those pro-slavery institutions calling themselves by that precious name are guilty of the grossest imposture. "The blood of the souls of the poor innocents" is upon them all, showing them to be not kindred with the spirit of Him who laid down his life to redeem the world. Those who claim to be the ministers of Christ, and yet are on the side of the strong against the weak, of the oppressor against the oppressed, are guilty of a similar imposture. They are hypocrites and deceivers before God. They are ministers of "cotton," of public opinion, of the Slave Power, but not the ministers of Christ. Let us not admit, or affect to lament, therefore, that the Church of Christ is so lacking in compassion and mercy, so devoid of principle, as to be in complicity with slavery. It is no such thing. The Church of Christ has always been true to freedom; the Church of Christ has always been hostile to sin. But that Church is not an outward organization. It is not made up of flesh and blood, but of those who love justice, humanity, liberty, and man universally, and who hate everything that strengthens the arm of tyranny, or desecrates the divine image.

I am glad that we have heard the fearless and eloquent exposition of our friend, to-day. I congratulate him on his appearance here, and I am sure that what he has said has met with a hearty response from all present (loud applause).

SPEECH OF EDMUND QUINCY, ESQ.

The President then called upon EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., to address the audience, who, on rising, said he ought to make a good speech, for he certainly did not know what he was going to say, and that was generally the best possible *preparation* a man could have. The event, to celebrate the anniversary of which they had assembled together, was one of the most extraordinary in the history of mankind. It was the very first time, in history, so far as he knew, when a great nation confessed and forsook its sin, before God and in the sight of the world; when a great nation confessed that it had been guilty of injustice and wickedness, and resolved to cease from committing that sin forevermore.

In regard to the condition of the colonies, as respected the mother country, in comparison with the relation held by the Southern States to the nominally free States of this Union, Mr. Quincy said that while in some respects it was similar, yet in others there was a wide difference. It was very true that the slave interest of the West Indies governed the mother country, but it governed her only on this one point. The slave-masters of the West Indies did not and could not hold in their hands the destinies of the British Empire, as our slave-masters hold the destinies of this country. Their influence was confined to the upholding of their interest, and there they were, for many years, supreme, and there it seemed as if they would be for ever dominant. In the House of Peers, there was a large body of noblemen who were also West India proprietors, and in the House of Commons there were many men who owned slaves themselves, and there were many others who were elected by persons directly interested in the maintenance of slavery; and this being the case, the abolition of slavery looked, thirty years ago, as desperate in the West Indies as it does now in this country. It was only the very year before the passage of the Emancipation Act that nullification was proposed in South Carolina, and the nullifiers relied for support, in their war upon the Northern States, upon England. South Carolina was ready to throw herself into the arms of England, and she had no doubt that England would gladly receive her. She felt as sure that slavery was to endure forever under the British sceptre as she did that it was to endure forever within her own borders; and yet, within one little twelve-month, there ceased to be a slave in the British dominions.

And how was this change brought about? By "the foolishness of preaching"; by the incessant application of truth to the mind of the British people, who, thank God, held in their hands the absolute law-making power for the whole Empire; and as soon as the people in the British islands had been brought up to a comparatively low plane of right feeling on this subject, they inspired the members of the House of Commons, they overcame the hereditary legislators in the House of Peers, and they dictated to the Throne, then occupied by William IV., who, when Duke of Clarence, had insulted Clarkson, and who, thirty years before that time, stood, as it were, at the head of the pro-slavery interest of the country. This showed what could be done in a country where the people have a direct power over the government. But in this country it was very different. We had here no absolute power over the slaves in the States; we could not elect Congressmen for the purpose of passing a bill for the abolition of slavery in the States. The party who held the contrary doctrine, though highly respectable in character, and even eminent in ability, were so few in number that it might be said they did not exist, for any practical purpose. Slavery would be abolished, in some other way, a long time before the people of the Northern States would be convinced that they had a constitutional right to abolish slavery in the States. The work of the Abolitionists of this country was therefore vastly more difficult than that of the Abolitionists of Great Britain. Here we stand face to face with the slaveholder. As the reverend gentleman who had just so eloquently addressed them said, the slaveholders were everywhere among us; they dictated what should be done in the pulpit and in the Legislative Hall. Slavery whispered in the ear of the ministers, as the devil whispered in the ear of Eve. The devil of slavery lurked in the pews, was concealed under the communion-table, and stood in the pulpits of the nation. Why was this? It was because of the supreme power which the slaveholders had obtained, by fair means or by foul, over the political affairs of the country. It was not because the people who sit in the pews of Massachusetts love slavery for itself, it was not because there was not an average humanity in the Churches of the country, but it was because the Churches represented the respectable, comfortable, wealthy and middle classes of the country—it was because it represented the wealth and industry of the people, and the people were taught that the prosperity of the North is dependent upon the maintenance of the present state of things. They know they are doing pretty well as things are now, and, although it might be demonstrated that they would do a great deal better if slavery were abolished, (for nothing could be plainer than that, and nobody would dispute it), yet they were afraid to do the duty that lies nearest to them, lest it should bring some loss or inconvenience to them. They had "rather bear the ills they have"—or, what is much easier to bear, the ills which *others* have—"than fly to others that they know not of." And especially they hate the agitation of the slavery question, in the pulpit or out of it, lest it should diminish their dividends, or reduce the price of freight, or in some other way interfere with the means by which they make their wealth. This universal selfishness the Abolitionists had to contend against, which, proceeding from the Slave Power at the South, extended itself to the farthest lumber station of Maine.

The speaker said that if the radicals of England should institute a scheme for the entire revolution of the British Constitution, for the overthrow of the Queen and the House of Lords, and the establishment of a Republic, their position would very much resemble that of the Abolitionists in this country; for the Slave Power is our king, our House of Lords, and the power which rules everything throughout the land. But the English people had an advantage over us in this respect, that their Constitution was elastic, and could be changed, while ours was not elastic; it was an iron bedstead, to which the people were tied, and it must perform its diabolical office until it was broken in pieces.

But, although there were these differences in the position of the two countries, still the American Abolitionists could do the work they had set themselves to accomplish. Slavery would be abolished, for God still sits upon the throne of the universe. Slavery was in direct violation of the laws of the mind and of the body, of political economy, as well as of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Slavery was a pyramid standing upon its apex, and only supported by Northern bayonets; it could not forever remain in that position. In due course of time, by one influence or another, by insurrection at the South, by the separation of the North from the South, by invasion from abroad, by some means or other, which we could not imagine, but which would as certainly come as that God lives, slavery would be abolished. The business of the Abolitionists was to try to bring this about in the best way, without bloodshed, with as little suffering both to the master and the slave as possible—to bring it about by the application of truth to the minds of men. He had very little hope of converting the slaveholders, but the Abolitionists had a work which they could do here, and that was to make Massachusetts a safe sanctuary for the fugitive slave. They could draw a magic circle round the frontiers of the old Bay State, and tell the slaveholder, "Thus far canst thou come, but no further!" They could make the soil of this State too hot to endure the foot of a slaveholder in pursuit of a slave. They could make the soil of Massachusetts too hot to hold a slaveholder or his minions!

That, said Mr. Quincy, is the duty we have got to do at home; that is "the duty that lies nearest to us." We can do it; we almost did it last winter.

Mr. MAY—We will do it! (Applause.)

Mr. QUINCY—Yes, we will do it! I wish Massachusetts could have been the first State to take that position, but I thank God for the example Wisconsin and Vermont have set us in this matter. There are two States from which, if the people execute their laws—in the one State passed by the Legislature, in the other adjudicated by the judiciary—no slave can be taken by the United States, or by any power whatever. Vermont has just such a law as we want; I do not know that there is any amendment to it. It declares, in the plainest manner, that no person, in any capacity whatever, Federal or State, shall take a fugitive from her borders, or bring a slave there, for the purpose of holding him as such. The master and mistress of this young woman whom we have the pleasure of seeing here to-day, who was delivered from slavery a few days since by our Courts, under that law would have been arrested and tried, and might have been sent to the penitentiary, for the offence of bringing her into the State for the purpose of holding her as a slave. It seems to me that the whole ground is covered by this Vermont law. We shall pass such a law. We shall pass it, perhaps, next winter, but it depends entirely upon the Presidential market. If Mr. Banks has given up all hope of a possible nomination for the Presidency—but that is an impossible event, in the natural history of a Presidential candidate, for there is no animal so tenacious of life as a Presidential candidate! Buchanan expects to be a candidate, and I dare say Fillmore expects to be a candidate, and every man who was ever put in nomination or talked of as a candidate is busy "looking after the main chance." I say, if Mr. Banks has given up all hopes of the nomination, we may get such a law next winter; but if not then, we shall be sure of it the winter after. When the smoke and dust of the Presidential contest have blown away, and the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be, is snugly seated in the Presidential chair, as he surely will be, unless the Republican party mend their ways very materially, and put more anti-slavery planks into their platform, instead of taking out that almost invisible splinter that they have dovetailed in there somewhere, and called it the anti-slavery plank of their platform—I say, when the Democratic candidate is established in the national palace, I think the winter after that we may reasonably hope to make Massachusetts really a free State. But in order to do this, we must work this winter, and continue to work until the object is accomplished. Having done this, we shall have secured an impregnable position, from which we can assail and abolish the system of slavery everywhere. For it is to be slow work. We have got to secure fortress after fortress. We are not to do as Louis Napoleon did, turn back from the quadrilateral; we have got to attack them; and when we have taken them, when the Northern States have been made secure from the feet of the slave-hunter, and safe for the slave, we shall have attained a position in which we shall either compel the slave States to abolish slavery, for the sake of remaining in the Union, and thereby having their political influence secured to them, or else we shall bring the North up to the point where they shall separate from the South, and we shall have a respectable Northern Republic of our own, and the Southern States will be reduced to such a state of weakness that they will be obliged to abolish slavery, in order to keep the knives of the slaves from their own throats.

SPEECH OF J. F. BAILEY, ESQ.

I am not here with the hope of saying anything which shall be new to those assembled here, or of animating your zeal in the great work in which you are engaged. I will not pretend to speak to the "Old Guard" until I have seen service—been present beside them on field days—but rather to those who, like myself, have, in times past, put faith in priests and politicians.

It seems to me, sir, that those who proclaim their devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, and yet stand aloof from the radical Garrisonian movement, do not appreciate our real position. This question of slavery is the only real question of American politics as well as of American philanthropy. I do not mean that there are not other questions which deserve consideration, but that every other social and political issue must be held in abeyance until this is disposed of. This question must be settled, and this is no mere abstract assertion of a fanatic dreaming of future possibilities and impossibilities, but a living fact, which no one can doubt who looks at the course of governments.

A few days ago, I was reading how you, Mr. Chairman, was dragged through the streets of Boston, like a beast, and obliged to take refuge in the jail, because you dared assert your convictions in regard to American slavery—how the wealth and respectability of Boston insulted a company of women assembled to consider the same subject. The wealth and respectability of the Boston of to-day hisses from the steps of the Exchange as a fugitive is borne past, and cheers as its Senator, during the proudest ovation ever rendered to a son of Massachusetts—rendered, too, on account of his advocacy of that same cause—does his single and only act of reverence to the man who once, a quarter of a century before, was hunted through the streets by a mob. This same question of slavery determines the policy of the national government, enters into the minutest ramifications of politics, into all legislative halls, into all religious bodies, into all benevolent associations. Social interests, political questions, other than this, are ignored, or only considered incidentally. Domestic industry lengthens the impartiality and integrity of the bench are sacrificed; State policy—we have none; politics is nothing but tricks and evasions, religion and philanthropy almost a mockery—and all this in the vain effort to shun this issue, which looms up ever more and more threatening. Therefore, I believe that all possibility of progress, in any direction, is involved in its decision; and whatever other theories and hopes a man may have, he must first, as a matter of practical wisdom, aid in its solution. All talk of reform or of progress is an impertinence until this is reached.

Neutrality is dishonorable, even if it were not impossible. I am impelled to come upon this platform from respect to my own manhood, no less than from regard to the rights of the oppressed. The discussion of such questions is the school which Providence provides for the education of the people. The moral stamina of every man is affected by the judgment he pronounces in a great moral contest like that now being waged. Sir, whilst every element of my nature rises up in condemnation of the wrong done the slave, I deprecate no less the degradation of the moral sentiment of the Free States, the politics without religion, the religion without Christianity, the whining cant, the slavish subserviency which are generated in our midst, which culminate in "South-Side Views," and Fourth of July orations before Young Men's Democratic Clubs.

Mr. President, I would, as readily as any one, do homage to eminent social qualities, or to intellectual ability, and would be the last one to disturb with the voice of criticism, or needless reprehension, the sanctities of private grief. But when the pulpit, the press and the bar unite in holding up a man as a model, it becomes the duty not less than the right of every man in the community to inquire as to the grounds on which it is done. You know, sir, and I know, every man knows, that it was not the eminent social qualities, the rhetorical brilliancy or logical acumen of Mr. Choate which led Dr. Adams to recommend him from the pulpit as an example to the young men of America, which made Dr. Neal eulogize him before the children of the Boston schools, and which led the "great Laudator" to waken the echoes of old Faneuil Hall in his praise. We all know that it was Mr. Choate's subserviency on this question of slavery that has called out this universal panegyric; and it was quite as much to exalt into respectability the "South-Side Views" of the living doughfaces and flunkeys of the North as to do honor to the dead. False and unfounded as these eulogies are, it is not so much against such undeserved honors that I desire to enter my protest as against the execrable morality which is impliedly recommended to us, and for which his eulogists make themselves responsible. Mr. Choate's philanthropy was that which, in the words of his Fourth of July oration, "binds into one bundle of love the kindred and mighty legend of revolution and liberty, the life of Christ in the Evangelists, and the Constitution in its plain text." How appropriately does he say, "If thus our patriotism seems to limit our philanthropy, I answer, that ours is American philanthropy. Be that the virtue we boast, and this the name by which we know it." Let us thank God that these *American* philanthropists have not the assurance to call their philanthropy Christian, a philanthropy which Mr. Choate unintentionally portrayed when he says, "It confounds large things with little things, ends with means, subordinate ends with chief end." From this *American philanthropy* of Mr. Choate and his eulogists, may God deliver us, and help us all to wage war upon it! Well did his reverend eulogist say, "You would not have assigned him a birth-place (Ipswich) in our good, old staid Massachusetts; from the region of the South might we rather have looked for his origin." But, so far from its "seeming good to me that our soil and climate, and social life, produced such a man," woe be to Massachusetts and to the North when its social life culminates in such moral monstrosities!

Mr. President, I will no longer occupy your time, for I know that there are others to follow me, who are more competent and have better right to speak upon the question before you. I desire, in leaving your platform, to pledge myself to the support of anti-slavery principles, and to give in my adhesion to the sentiment, "*Man—if not the only thing sacred, at least the most sacred thing under the heavens; and, under God, Liberty and Justice first, everything else afterward.*"

MR. GARRISON ON RUFUS CHOATE AND DR. ADAMS.

I think it must be evident to every impartial and candid mind, that it was Mr. Choate's subserviency to the slave interest of our country which has especially induced these fulsome public eulogiums upon him, and led to such marked public demonstrations in regard to his death. Suppose that CHARLES SUMNER, and not Rufus Choate, had died at Halifax—do you imagine that when the body of CHARLES SUMNER—a man in all respects better endowed than ever Rufus Choate was, the martyr-Senator of Massachusetts in the cause of freedom—had arrived in Boston, the bells of the city would have been tolled, minute guns would have been fired, Faneuil Hall would have opened its doors to a great multitude, and men of influence, the leaders of society, would have been there to do homage to his memory, and honor his great talents and noble deeds? No. Rufus Choate swallowed Daniel Webster whole, and Daniel Webster bowed the knee to the Southern Baal, its insane defender and pitiable tool. Rufus Choate went for the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law—for every pro-slavery compromise in the Constitution and out of it—and tried to put down the anti-slavery cause by his ridicule and contempt. This glorification is a fresh stab at the cause of freedom, under pretended regard for his memory. It was fitting that the Suffolk Bar should select CALEB CUSHING to deliver the eulogy upon the character of Rufus Choate, in their behalf. Caleb Cushing—a man who is ready to go down on all fours, at any time—yea, lower than that, on his very belly, before the Slavocracy, and do their will, to advance his own selfish ends! It was perfectly fitting for EDWARD EVERETT, the time-server and trimmer—the recreant minister of the Gospel, the ambitious politician, and the apostate son of Massachusetts—it was particularly fitting that he should be the eulogist of Rufus Choate in Faneuil Hall. And of all fitting things, more especially was it fitting that the clergyman who officiated at the funeral services should be the Rev. Dr. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, of "South-side" notoriety—a man who believes in the foreign slave trade as an excellent process for the salvation of the African race, and in slavery as a moral and philanthropic institution. He tells us of the exquisite sensibility and tender humanity of Mr. Choate, who could not cut a twig from a tree without feeling that he had done violence to its maternal nature! So, in regard to certain creatures—I do not know whether he means what are sometimes called "tumble-bugs," or not, but I am sure that in this case they were humbugs (laughter)—Mr. Adams says, that when Mr. Choate found one of them on its back, he would turn it over, saying he had done his duty in giving it a fair start in the world! What benevolent consideration! But with all his yearning humanity, he could approvingly see men, women and children hunted upon our soil, and his heart was as hard as adamant in regard to the struggle in which we are engaged. Mr. Adams has left Mr. Choate in a state of suspension, not exactly like Mahomet's coffin, between the heavens and the earth, but between widely opposite abodes. He does not seem entirely clear where Mr. Choate has gone, whether above or below. He only ventures to say that *if* he did certain things, and complied with the necessary conditions, then he is a brilliant star in the kingdom of glory; but if he did not, the less said, the better! That is a very painful state of suspense!

Mr. Adams expresses no doubt as to his own future salvation, and hopes to meet Mr. Choate in heaven. I doubt not that wherever Mr. Choate has gone, there the Rev. Nehemiah Adams will go; for affinities will meet, whether in the body or out of the body. Let me qualify that statement. I am not so sure that Mr. Adams will go where Rufus Choate has gone. Fallen as he was in his nature, a thousand times rather, before God, would I take my chance in the future with him, than with that recreant priest (applause).

SPEECH OF RICHARD WINDSOR.

RICHARD WINDSOR, one of the Oberlin rescuers, recently liberated from prison, was then introduced, and greeted with hearty cheers. He said—I am very happy to be with you on this festal occasion. You see I am yet young, but I thank God that my heart has long been enlisted in this noble cause of human freedom. Although I feel unworthy to stand before such men as are around me, yet I am glad to be with them; I am happy to have taken them for my example; and as I meet them on the stage of action early in life, I trust that, as they pass away from it, by age and labors, their mantles may fall upon me. It is my purpose to fight in this battle as long as God shall lend me breath.

Mr. Windsor then said he proposed to say a few words in regard to the men who had been incarcerated in a felon's prison for no other reason than because they called upon the God of heaven in behalf of the fugitive who was rescued ten miles from the place where they prayed. He narrated some incidents connected with the arrest and imprisonment of these victims of a cruel and unchristian law, which were listened to with profound

Underground Railroad, Mr. C. alluded to the self-sacrificing spirit manifested by many friends of the slave along the route, who were ready to give up every dollar they possessed in the world to save the flying fugitive. He referred particularly to one girl, of only seventeen years, who ran the train one bitter cold night, wrapped up in a buffalo robe, because the men were so closely watched they could not do it, and said that the man or woman who had not helped a brother or sister to be free had not drunk of the sweetest cup that God ever gave to man.

CLOSING REMARKS OF MR. GARRISON.

The hour for adjournment having nearly arrived, Mr. Garrison again addressed the audience briefly. He said:

I was at old Plymouth yesterday; and on going down to the world-famous Rock, I found that it had been excavated, and raised up several feet, preparatory to its being enclosed within an iron railing. They were cutting off a portion of it, in order to make it more symmetrical; but such is the veneration cherished for the Rock, I was told that an officer of the town was standing by to see that not a single fragment of it was taken away without authority! "Hands off!" Is not every particle of it more precious than a diamond?

Yet, let a fugitive slave from the South dare to plant his feet upon it, and then let him be legally arrested, and there is not enough left of the spirit of the Pilgrims, or the spirit of Bunker Hill, to save him from the clutch of the slave-hunter, or secure him his freedom.

O, this idolatry of the dead past! It is exactly synonymous with ancient Judaism. This building the tombs of the prophets, and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous! It is always so when there is universal degeneracy—when the great ideas of justice and right have faded from the popular mind, and corruption, servility and oppression are dominant. Abolitionists! do you want to abolish slavery? See that you stand erect! See that you live a consistent life! Never allow yourself to be drawn into any such monumental celebration as that which is to take place next week, while there is a slave clanking his chains upon our soil! "Let the dead bury their dead." Wherever you see the "stars and stripes" unfurled, do not march under that flag—refuse to recognize it as your own! The banner that waves over four millions of chattel slaves cannot be a banner of freedom. It is the symbol of a horrible despotism, and we must trample it beneath our feet. To every pro-slavery Church we must say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Here is the Constitution of the United States—what is it, with its pro-slavery compromises, but "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell"? Take no oath to support it! Separation, secession, disunion is the duty of the hour.

A closing remark respecting the great historical event we are now commemorating. Possibly there may be some persons in this great assembly who, ignorant of its results, and supposing it to have worked most disastrously, marvel at our audacity in celebrating the abolition of West India slavery. "Why," they exclaim, "has it not proved an utter failure? Is there not less sugar raised than before? Are not estates diminishing in value, and do not the emancipated refuse to work?" Who dares to bring these defamatory charges? I will tell you: all the doughfaces, flunkeys and pro-slavery apologists at the North; the whole body of slaveholders, breeders and buyers at the South! Why should they not? They are the enemies of impartial liberty, and the truth is not in them.

Do you wish to know how the experiment really works? Ask those who once wore the galling chain, and were driven to their daily, unrequited toil like beasts—ask the emancipated! What is their response? "Glory to God in the highest! Alleluia! Liberty forever!" Ask those who once exercised absolute mastery over their slaves—ask the planters themselves! Not one of them attributes evil to the act of emancipation—not one of them is in favor of bringing back the old state of things. All classes are singing the song of deliverance, and rejoicing together. Ask the British people—ask the British Parliament—examine the official governmental statistics—read the testimonies of impartial tourists—consult the public declarations of those who are in authority in the islands!

A year ago, there stood with us on this platform a witness of unimpeachable integrity in the person of Rev. HENRY BLEBY, the amiable and philanthropic missionary from Barbadoes, whose testimony to the beneficent results of emancipation, in every department of life, was clear, explicit, heart-cheering—giving the lie as it did to all statements derogatory to the character of the emancipated and the prosperity of the colonies.

What! emancipation a failure! Why, God has made failure impossible in any such case! Such is human nature—such the faculties of the human mind—that if you grant to man the liberty to develop his physical, intellectual and moral powers, the result cannot fail to be good—it will go well with him in his basket and in his store. God stands vindicated by the mouth of his faithful prophet of old: the yoke has been broken—the slaves have all been set free—light has succeeded darkness—health has given place to disease—they are building the old waste places—they are laying the foundations of many generations. Yes, and they are producing more sugar than ever before—if sugar is to be taken into the account.

O, the profligacy, the inhumanity, the idiotic folly of those who stake everything upon the quantity of sugar raised and exported, in determining the justice and policy of West India emancipation! Point them to the schools, once prohibited, but now in operation for the education of the masses; tell them the marriage institution is now honored, where it was utterly repudiated; tell them there is no longer any separation of husband and wife, parent and child, for the family relations are held sacred; tell them that, before the law, in all the colonies, every man is the owner of himself, and the equal of every other man, a recognized and protected British freeman; tell them that he has now the right of testimony against any one who wrongs him, and can obtain exemplary damages; tell them that he occupies high stations in the Church and in the State, is minister, lawyer, doctor, judge, mayor and legislator; tell them that complexional distinctions are rapidly fading out, that crime is diminishing, that religious improvement is every where visible; tell them the Gospel can now be fully proclaimed, where once it was punished as treason; and what is their reply? "These things are nothing—what have you to say about the sugar crop?" What consummate folly! what unblushing villany! In the nature of things, liberty and material prosperity ever go hand in hand, while slavery is a withering curse, turning even the most fertile soil into barrenness.

Before separating, may I not say, in your behalf, to our beloved and steadfast friend, GEORGE THOMPSON, of England (applause), that we send to him our warmest congratulations and our most grateful remembrances, and rejoice that he has been raised from his paralytic condition to an erect position in the field of universal philanthropy and home reform? He has recently attended a large meeting in London, at which Lord Brougham presided, where he made a telling speech against the traffic in coolies. In a letter just received from him, he says, "We are to have another meeting on the first of August. Lord Brougham has kindly consented again to take the chair. I shall be with your gathering, in spirit, in the grove at Abington, and you will be with us in our meeting in London." Assuredly we will!

We ought also to remember, at this time, our esteemed friend, Miss SARAH P. REMOND, who went over to England last winter to bear her testimony in behalf of the anti-slavery cause. She has been everywhere received in the most generous manner; her speeches have been listened to with profound interest and satisfaction; and she is doing a good work for us in that country. God bless the English Abolitionists for what they have done, and what they are still disposed to do, for us in our struggle to accomplish a more sublime work than even that of West India emancipation! (Applause).

THE SLAVER RAWLINS.

THE attempt to bring to justice the officers of the slave bark Rawlins has turned out like all other attempts of the Administration of which slave-traders have been the objects. This vessel, which belonged to Mr. Lamar, the famous Savannah slave-trader, was found some time ago in the Bay of St. Joseph's, an out-of-the-way place, a little to the westward of Appalachicola, where she was seized by the Steamer Vixen, belonging to the Coast Survey, and at that time employed in that vicinity. It was ascertained that the Rawlins had last cleared from Havana, bound to the coast of Africa. Not only was there abundant evidence that the vessel was fitted out for the slave trade, but it also appeared from the statements of some of the crew that a murder had been committed on board. A few days out from the Havana, a quarrel had arisen—on what grounds did not appear—between the American officers and a Spaniard who was to act as captain after the vessel's arrival on the coast of Africa. This quarrel resulted in a desperate fight, in which the Spaniard was killed and his body thrown overboard, after which the bark's course was changed and she was taken into the Bay of St. Joseph's, where she was seized by the Vixen. At the time of the seizure the captain was not on board, but he was afterward arrested and imprisoned at Pensacola. The vessel was taken to Appalachicola, where the first and second mates were indicted and tried in the United States District Court for the murder of the Spaniard. The evidence against the two mates was nearly the same, but while the second mate, who was tried first, was found guilty of manslaughter, the first mate was acquitted. The second mate was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but soon after escaped from jail. The captain, while preparations were being made for his trial at Pensacola, also escaped.

Meanwhile, the landing of slaves on the coast of Florida seems to be going on with impunity. The revenue cutter on the Savannah station has lately been employed to look up a cargo said to have been landed from the schooner Experiment. The result of this examination left little or no doubt that slaves from Africa have lately been landed near Jupiter's Inlet, but of course it was found impossible to trace them.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete files, to be deposited in an important public institution, where they will be permanently open to the public, the first three Reports of the American Anti Slavery Society (1834, 1835, 1836) and the First Report of the New England Anti-Slavery Society (1833) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the Editor of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

THE AFFINITIES OF TYRANNY.

THE Hero of *The New York Observer*, of *The New York Times*, and of the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, has finished his Italian campaign. It has illustrated those traits of character, truthfulness, disinterestedness, love of liberty, humanity and far-looking political wisdom which have so bewitched those godly and patriotic men. To be sure, he has not carried away from the bloody fields of Italy the *prestige* of a real success. His battles of Magenta and Solferino were very disputed victories—at least, they were victories many of which would have sent him defeated home. The extraordinary candor of the Emperor of Austria, who does not pretend that he was the winner in those bloody games, makes one inclinable to believe that what he says is true, that they were not veritable defeats. They were rather drawn battles than positive victories, though the Austrian army withdrew behind its impregnable square of fortresses. Bonaparte went into Italy with a certain proclaimed, bulletinized, trumpeted purpose, and he went out of Italy without having accomplished it. Francis Joseph went into Italy to keep hold of all his dominions, if he could. It being necessary that some kind of a sop should be thrown to the French and Italian peoples, he agreed to let Bonaparte have Lombardy, which he tossed to Victor Emanuel as a good master throws a bone to the hound that has done his part in the day's hunt to his contentment. But the Austrian is left in possession of his bristling quadrilateral of strongholds, from behind which he can pour his armies upon the plains of Lombardy as soon as his stars shall again be propitious. And in the meantime he is consoled for the loss of 3,000,000 subjects by a predominating control over the whole 26,000,000 of the entire peninsula, as the most powerful member of the Italian Confederacy.

Bonaparte has, undoubtedly, done all that he cared to do. His army wanted breathing, the French people were eager again to see

> "The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
> The ravished standard and the vanquished foe";

the shade of Orsini stood scowling at his elbow, pointing to a shadowy cloud of conspirators, biding their time to avenge the treason to Italy in the blood of the traitor. If he could make the daggers drop from these secret hands by a move which should give to Italy the pretence of a manumission while the chains of her servitude remained as strong as ever, it were indeed a master-stroke of policy, which would repay the blood of the hundred thousand men and the hundreds of millions of money that it would cost. Perhaps, he did expect that he should be able to drive the Austrians out of Italy and erect it into a kingdom for his cousin. But that he ever intended to give the control of their affairs into the hands of the Italian people is a myth, which nothing but the indiscriminate maw of a Yankee parson could swallow and assimilate. The terrible losses of the victories he claimed, and the dread of their being turned into disgraces and defeats if he rushed against the grim fortresses which frowned before him in his path, compelled him to pause in his career and cast about for the best way out of his complication. And if there had been any unseen witness of the breakfast at Villafranca, the mystery of the sudden change of purpose on the part of both Emperors might have been solved by the understanding between them that the Frenchman should show his magnanimity by asking for nothing, while the Austrian should be rewarded for an apparent concession by an infinite strengthening of his hands in the general control of Italian matters and a secret agreement that no obstacle would be interposed in the way of his recovering what he had lost, when the fitting moment should offer itself to his ambition.

Thus Paris has had its shows, while the war was not continued long enough to be heavily felt by the nation at large. Bonaparte has had the satisfaction of humbling the House of Hapsburg, he has breathed and bled his army, he has stood fire and shown himself possessed of personal courage, the "one virtue mid a thousand crimes" which has never been denied him, and, more than this, he has increased his reputation for ability by the manner in which he handled his immense army. What more had he to gain? Incidentally, Sardinia has been virtually more completely conquered for France than Lombardy for Sardinia. The most ancient House in Europe has become but a dependent on the grandson of Charles Bonaparte, the Corsican advocate. And what is more to the purpose, one of the few continental governments which had any pretensions to be controlled by a constitution in which the people had any power is suppressed. Freedom of speech and of the press ceased as soon as the shadow of the coming despot fell upon Piedmont, and it remains to be seen whether he will permit them to revive again, to be a standing rebuke to him in the eyes of France. Though the Italian Expedition of Bonaparte was a military failure, it was a political success for himself. And what a poignancy of relish must the fact of his using Kossuth as the blinded accessory to his plot have given him? And Garibaldi, too, as his involuntary abettor, though he never stooped from his state as a soldier of liberty to acknowledge the existence of the perjured traitor of the Second of December. Mazzini was the only one of the European Republicans who refused any part or lot in the copartnership between despotism and liberty, which has ended as all such alliances between light and darkness must end. The only point yet in abeyance is how far the Carbonari are content with this issue of affairs, and whether Assassination is trammeled up by this consequence, or not. It has tempered Despotism before now, and may do so again.

It may seem strange to intelligent foreigners that godly ministers, and devout as well as worldly editors, should be so carried away by the gross and material success of Bonaparte as to shut their eyes to the enormity of his crimes against liberty and humanity. But it is not strange at all to one who is native and to the manner born of the state of things in this country. The whole tendency of our civil affairs, and yet more of our ecclesiastical, is to confound the moral sense and make the possession of power and pelf the sole criterion of the character of actions. And this, owing to the very attempt to effect and maintain a union between Liberty and Slavery, which has been, happily as we believe, defeated by the insolent ending of the Italian war by Bonaparte. Happily, we say, because it had not lasted long enough to have poured its leprous distilment into the very veins of the people. The American people have been born and bred in an atmosphere of glamour which makes it almost impossible for a man born since 1789 to see the things nearest to him as they actually are. The political despotism of the Slave Power, within its own proper domain, is different in no particular from that existing in the tyrannies of the elder world. With the shows of a free government there is no more possibility of a voice of remonstrance, even, much less of resistance, being tolerated against the dominant power than in France or Austria. There is no more freedom of the press or of speech or of political action in the one domain of despotism than in the other. Witness the banishment of Mr. Underwood from Virginia, for acting with a National Convention of his own choosing; of Professor Hedrick from North Carolina, for saying he would vote for Col. Fremont if there were a ticket in that State, and of Dr. Lieber from South Carolina, for having, twenty-five years before, admitted into the *Encyclopædia Americana* an article condemning negro slavery. Witness the reward offered by the State of Georgia for Mr. Garrison, the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from Charleston, and Mr. Hubbard from New Orleans for proposing to commence an action at law in the Federal Courts to try a constitutional question, and the imprisonment and sale into slavery of free-born citizens of the North, the constitutionality of which it was the object of those suits to try.

Now, the American youth have been taught by their political and religious teachers that all this is consistent with Christianity and republicanism. The great labor of the American Church for a quarter of a century (ever since the question has been seriously mooted) has been to show that there is nothing inconsistent with the Christian law of love in the denial of all social, moral, domestic, political and religious rights to one-sixth of the inhabitants of the land; while the loftiest flight of statesmanship has been to make it appear the height of patriotic self-sacrifice to catch, hold and return into slavery men who loved liberty enough to escape from it, in order to prevail on the slave-masters to be good enough to govern us too! Dr. Southside Adams, and that cherished lamb of his flock, Mr. Choate, one of whom justifies slavery from reason and scripture, and the other pronounces the axioms of the Declaration of Independence "glittering generalities," are sufficiently significant illustrations of the way in which slavery has eaten out the heart and soul of priest and lawyer and politician. Nothing but the resistance of the anti-slavery spirit in the Northern States, existing and acting under every disadvantage, has prevented the suppression of free speech and a free press as effectually there as at the South. There have been Congresses vile enough to do it; the Supreme Court would at any moment uphold the constitutionality of such action, and there are always base sycophants of power everywhere to assist in the execution of any laws. But this partnership between liberty and slavery is as fatal to any generous or liberal policy on the part of the nation as was that in Italy to the hopes of Garibaldi and Kossuth. Indeed, this latter personage undertook a more desperate mission when he tried to excite our slavery-ridden country—"to stir such a dish of skimmed milk to an honorable action"—to sympathy and help for Hungary, than when he tried to put the deliverance of his country into the blood-stained hands of Bonaparte. Tyranny is the same everywhere, and it paralyzes the nerves of Liberty whenever it touches her. There is no hope for a true self-government in Europe or in this country as long as tyrants, whether they wield sceptres or slave-whips, are admitted to a share of its power. For their share will be, as it has ever been, nothing less than the whole.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

THE Anniversary of West India Emancipation has been far more extensively celebrated in this than in former years. The colored people, especially, in various parts of the country, marked the recurrence of the day in a manner highly creditable to them, and well calculated to promote their improvement and elevation.

In Poughkeepsie the colored people of the River Counties gathered, in large numbers, in a grove, where they were addressed by William J. Watkins of Rochester, J. H. Townsend of Hudson, and others. The people marched to the grove in procession, to the music of an excellent band. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* says:

"Men, women and children, all dressed in holiday attire, and a fair proportion of them in a style to rival the most aristocratic fashionables of the day. Throughout the entire mass prevailed a staid dignity and genteel bearing and manner which proved that they duly appreciated their position on the occasion, and knew how to honor it.

"A large proportion of whites attended on all the exercises, among them several distinguished citizens and visitors.

"We learn that there was also a colored ball in the evening at Miller's Hall, at which there was a large attendance of those who wished to 'trip the light fantastic toe.'

"Altogether the affair was decidedly creditable to the parties concerned, showing that they possessed the right spirit and judged wisely in the matter of making a good impression. No visitors that ever honored us with their presence conducted themselves with more propriety than marked the movements of all who assembled to honor the day so dear to their affections."

At Geneva, also, the colored people led off in an observance of the day. Guns were fired and bells rung at day-break; at 6 a. m. there was a meeting to offer thanks to God for the freedom enjoyed in the West Indies, and to pray for the emancipation of the bondmen of the United States; at a later hour, a procession marched to inspiring music through the streets to the beautiful grove where the anniversary exercises were held. Frederick Douglass presided and made an elequent address. The British Act of Emancipation was read, and appropriate hymns were sung. The great attraction of the day was the oration of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, of this city, which, unfortunately, was broken off in the middle by a shower of rain. The correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"An appeal was made for a church to shelter the people from the storm until the eloquent speaker could finish his oration; but although meeting-houses and ministers, and deacons and trustees, were all around, no house was offered—no door was opened; and so the assembly sought protection in private houses and public hotels."

Frederick Douglass's Paper says:

"The celebration at Geneva, while it met with much kindness and cordiality from the Water Cure Establishment, and the citizens generally, met at the hands of the pro-slavery Presbyterian Church of that place a piece of flagrant inhospitality and characteristic meanness. We say characteristic meanness, because every demonstration in favor of slavery and negro hate is in harmony with the Christian religion as held and practised by the American people. An American Church in good and regular standing, keeping up stated preaching and attending with the greatest care to the outward forms of religion, only acts in keeping with its piety when it marks with contempt the cause of the poor and the needy. To act out of its true recognized character, it must open its doors to the abolition cause, and do away with its contempt for negroes. But to the facts:

"The committee of arrangements for the celebration, anticipating inclement weather, and fearing they might not be able to assemble in the grove, had applied for the use of the Presbyterian church in case of rain. Accordingly, on Sunday, notice was given from the Presbyterian church that the speaking on the occasion of the celebration would take place in that house, should the weather prove unfavorable to holding the meeting in the grove. This was Sunday. Monday morning, however, the trustees, seeing that we should probably have rain, met and voted that it was 'inexpedient' to grant the use of the house for the celebration. This was a double wrong. It was wrong—nay, an insult to Dr. Cheever, a minister of the gospel, thus to slam the door in his face. It was a far greater wrong thus to bolt their doors against the cause of freedom and humanity. Very much to the annoyance of some of our audience, we took occasion, in our humble speech, to characterize the conduct of the Presbyterian Church in a manner befitting its enormity. We had rather join the Water Cure to save our body than such a Church to save our soul."

We don't see that Dr. Cheever, by maintaining his ecclesiastical relations with the American Church, meets with any better treatment at its hands than Garrison himself. The fact is, that Church *hates* the abolitionism which Dr. Cheever preaches, and no amount of orthodox salt can make it savory in its nostrils.

The celebration at Milford, Mass., was one of great interest. E. D. Draper, of Hopedale, presided. Spirited addresses were made during the three sessions of the meeting, by G. W. Stacy, A. T. Foss, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. A. Battles, of Bangor, Maine; Rev. W. G. Babcock, South Natick; Mr. Windsor, one of the Oberlin Rescuers; Jonathan Walker, Wm. S. Haywood and others.

At Sandwich, C. W., the day was celebrated, says the Detroit *Advertiser*, by seven thousand colored people, most of them refugees from American slavery. The celebration was held in the handsome grove belonging to Col. Prince, and everything was conducted in good order. Speeches were made by Col. Prince, Eli Ford of Chicago, and others. *The Advertiser* says:

"Among those who seemed to be contented and happy, we noticed the rescued girl 'Lina,' who informed us, on inquiring, that she liked living in Canada better and better every day. The thirteen slaves rescued from slavery by 'old John Brown,' and the 'young John Brown,' born on the journey to Canada, were 'celebrating' also. They gave us to understand that they had been burned out since their arrival at Windsor. They are comfortable now, having plenty of work to keep them busy, and a great many good friends willing to lend a helping hand.

"All of the participants in the festivities were well and comfortably dressed, and looked as though they had plenty to eat and drink. We never saw a gathering of any kind, as large as the one at Sandwich yesterday, where more decorum was observed. The day's pleasure closed with several balls at Windsor and in this city."

THE ABINGTON CELEBRATION.—The speeches made at Abington, Mass., at the celebration of the recent Anniversary of West India Emancipation, are worthy of the lips from which they fell and of the cause whose claims they support. We regret that the space at our command is too restricted to allow us to copy them all. Those for which we have made room will, we doubt not, command the earnest attention of our readers.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WE cheerfully give place to the following letter from the Secretary of the Church Anti Slavery Society, in which an attempt is made to elucidate the principles and purposes of that association and commend it to the regard and confidence of our readers. It is our earnest wish to judge the Society fairly, and deal not only justly but magnanimously with its supporters; but duty to them and to the cause requires us to tell them plainly wherein we think they are wrong, and to show them how they are wounding the cause of freedom by a practical compromise of its principles and claims. We ask attention to the notes that follow the letter, and to which references will be found in the text.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In the letter of Wendell Phillips, in THE STANDARD of July 30th—admirable and just in many of its criticisms, and correct and wise, I doubt not, in most of its foreshadowings—there occurs this remark: "The Church Anti-Slavery Society longs to help the negro, provided it can be done *salva ecclesia.*"

Now, the notice to be taken of this is to say that the Church Anti-Slavery Society longs to free the slave absolutely, *stante vel cadente ecclesia.* It has had its origin in a deep conviction of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding, and in the solemn impression that it is high time for the Churches of Christ (1) in our land to be arrayed against this enormous evil and wrong, and to be thoroughly grappling with it, as the organic and towering iniquity of the nation, that *must* be overthrown, in order that the nation itself perish not by the terrible cancer that has already made such inroads upon its constitution.

The Church Anti-Slavery Society believes, with Albert Barnes, that there is no power outside the Church that could sustain slavery an hour if it were not sustained in it; and that if every religious denomination in our land would detach itself from all connection with slavery, and utter a calm and deliberate voice to the world against it, its overthrow would be accomplished. The Church Anti-Slavery Society exists for the very purpose of thus arraying the American Churches against slavery, and procuring a complete separation of the principle and practice of slaveholding from our Christianity. The seventh in its Declaration of Principles is this: The total abolition of the vast system of American slavery to be accepted as the providential mission and duty of the American clergy and the American Churches of this generation. (2)

Its love for the slave is without proviso or compromise. (3) It puts broadly upon its banners, that he who runs may read—The utter inadequacy and impossibility of any remedy or relief from slavery but one that insists upon its inherent wrongfulness, its total intrinsic baseness, and denies absolutely the "wild and guilty phantasy that man can have property in man!"

It declares, No compromise with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, in the name of God, who has commanded to "loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

As it was the special mission of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the time of its formation, in 1833, to establish this position—immediate emancipation the *duty* of the master and the *right* of the slave—so now the speciality of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, one quarter of a century later in the mighty struggle with despotism, is three-fold: First, to establish the inherent sinfulness of slavery, because leading divines in the Church have asserted the contrary, viz., that slavery is not *malum in se*, as a reason for not touching the sin in the Church. Second, to carry into practical operation the principle of non-communion with slaveholders. (4) Third, to vindicate the Christian Scriptures from any warrant or allowance of chattel slavery.

These ends the Church Anti-Slavery Society will steadily pursue, believing, as it does, that in so doing it is the exponent of the true Church catholic of *every age*, and that, as soon as known, it will carry with it sufficient numbers of the *American Churches of this age*, to make it a power in the land.

Your eloquent correspondent is understood to hold this as a forlorn hope, and, in despair of a reformation *within* the Churches, he would (if I mistake not) have all earnest anti-slavery Christians come out of them, as a necessary condition to the overthrow of slavery. But, were it not much better than this for them to stay and accomplish in all the Churches what (by the letter of a recent correspondent of THE STANDARD) they *have* lately achieved in a Worcester Church? (5) viz., the "renunciation of all Church association, communion and fellowship with slaveholders, and with all who, in any manner, knowingly and persistently uphold or countenance slavery."

Till such an achievment is proved to be an impossibility, does not duty to the slave require it of anti-slavery Christians to stay *in* the Churches, and agitate *there* incessantly against slavery, (6) adopting for their motto, through all the arduous conflict, DEI GRATIA HAUD IMPAR PLURIBUS?

This, if I mistake not, is the view of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. It is exactly expressed in the terse language which Mr. Phillips will allow me to adopt from his letter with one parenthesis: "To prove slavery a sin—to prove all support of it in Church or State a sin—to make the community see it a sin of so grave and momentous a character as (if not repented of and rebuked by the Church) to justify secession from the Church, without the charge of schism, and resistance to the State without the guilt of faction—this is the work" of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. Yours, &c., HENRY T. CHEEVER,

Sec. of the Church Anti-Slavery Society.

Jewett City, Conn., Aug. 1st, 1859.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

1. "*The Churches of Christ in our land*"! The admission contained in these words is the primal error of the Church Anti-Slavery Society—the error which, like a worm at the root of the tree, is fatal to its usefulness and even its life. No error could be more false in itself, or more deadly in its effects. What is the character of the American Churches, to which Mr. Cheever and the Church Anti-Slavery Society concede the right to inscribe on their banners the name of Him who came to unbind the captives and set at liberty the oppressed? Let the Rev. Dr. Cheever, himself the most prominent champion of that Society, answer the question. Here are his words, from a late number of *The Independent*—words more scathing than any that ever fell from the lips of any Garrisonian Abolitionist—words as true as they are startling, and which ought to be burned into the memory of every friend of the slave:

"*Dead in trespasses and sins!* The whole Church has been dead in the trespass and the sin of slavery. But when the Church goes in for any wickedness, it goes much further and more thoroughly than the world in the same wickedness. Consequently, the world borrow their apologies for slavery from the Church; the world look on almost aghast at the Jehu-like speed, fury, and willingness with which the Church do the work of Satan in indorsing and sanctifying the sum of all villanies. The world would have stopped short with the plea of necessity; if our sins and our iniquities be upon us, how can we get rid of them? The Church comes 'cranking in' to their help, and boldly avows the sin of slavery to be not any sin at all *per se*, but a sublime piece of generalship in the missionary providence of God, a glorious trick and stratagem of baiting and badgering the devil with his own imps, transformed for the nonce into missionary angels; a dose of spiritual calomel and jalap for the African race, drenching their savageness out of them, and preparing, in this country, for the propagation of a *race* of baptized, regenerated *properties*, for their own happiness, and the glory of the whole Southern Israel of God!

"The world would have had qualms of conscience, were beginning to question and reluctate; but the Church has no such thing, no such pitiful experience of slavish fear. The world had a weak stomach, and could not swallow slavery without pain; but the Church has the stomach of a moral anaconda, and can swallow anything for the glory of God. The world experience a real abhorrence of the slave trade, and a conviction that it is positively a sin against God and man; but the Church, perceiving that if this admission were once made, it would have to be extended to the domestic slave trade, and to that habit of merchandise in human beings which is the one prominent feature of conduct and conversation in the life of so many church-members, approaches this matter more cautiously."

"It would seem the utmost of the Church's holiness is a low sagacity for its own reputation; a putrid light, like that which shines in rotten wood, only when every element of vitality has departed; a mean, cringing fear of man's judgment, without any desire to please God, or any conscientious hatred of the sin, which be has made even the conscience of the world to reprobate!"

"Thus is the Church dead in this trespass and this sin; and while the world are ashamed of it, the Church glory in their shame; the Church accept of the system of slavery as it is, and will not suffer a word against it. No man loses standing or reputation for pro-slavery sentiments; but the moment any one is known to be thoroughly opposed to slavery, and determined to proclaim God's Word against it, forthwith, for that very cause alone, he is marked as a fanatic, is accused of being destitute of the spirit of Christ, is shut out from the pulpit, is ostracized, as far as possible, from Christian society and influence."

And yet Dr. Cheever, his brother (the writer of the letter before us), and the members of the Church Anti-Slavery Society generally, habitually speak of the bodies whose utter baseness and corruption are thus depicted and confessed as "THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST"! Is not this the very acme of self-stultification? And do not they who thus employ the name of the Son of God come under the condemnation of those who "call evil good," and "put darkness for light"? May we not answer them in the words of Whittier?

> "False, foul, profane! go teach as well
> Of holy Truth from Falsehood born,
> Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell,
> Of Virtue in the arms of Vice,
> Of Demons planting Paradise."

There is a passage in the speech made by Mr. Garrison at Abington, and published to-day on the first page, which reveals the truth on this subject so clearly that we cannot forbear to reproduce it in this place, and to point the members of the Church Anti-Slavery Society to it as a light which, if followed, will keep them from foundering upon the breakers of compromise:

"One word let me say in regard to the Church of Christ. For one, the day has gone by with me ever to believe or concede that that Church can be a corrupt and oppressive body. No organization which sanctions injustice is, or can be, the Church of Christ; hence, those pro-slavery institutions calling themselves by that precious name are guilty of the grossest imposture. 'The blood of the souls of the poor innocents' is upon them all, showing them to be not kindred with the spirit of Him who laid down his life to redeem the world. Those who claim to be the ministers of Christ, and yet are on the side of the strong against the weak, of the oppressor against the oppressed, are guilty of a similar imposture. They are hypocrites and deceivers before God. They are ministers of 'cotton,' of public opinion, of the Slave Power, but not of the ministers of Christ. Let us not admit, or affect to lament, therefore, that the Church of Christ is so lacking in compassion and mercy, so devoid of principle, as to be in complicity with slavery. It is no such thing. The Church of Christ has always been true to freedom; the Church of Christ has always been hostile to sin. But that Church is not an outward organization. It is not made up of flesh and blood, but of those who love justice, humanity, liberty, and man universally, and who hate everything that strengthens the arm of tyranny, or desecrates the divine image."

2. To talk of the *abolition* of slavery as the peculiar and "providential mission" of men and bodies of men who have done and are still doing all in their power to *sustain* it—who are "dead in the trespass and sin of slavery"—who "willingly do the work of Satan in endorsing and sanctifying the sum of all villanies"—who have "the stomach of a moral anaconda, and can swallow anything for the glory of God," and "the utmost of whose holiness is a low sagacity for their own reputation, a putrid light like that which shines in rotten wood, only when every element of vitality has departed"—is it not to talk arrant nonsense? Nay, worse than that—is it not to say that Satan can cast out Satan, and that God's work in this world is "providentially" assigned to the leagued hosts of the Devil? And yet the men who say this flatter themselves that they are no compromisers of the truth!

3. We do not doubt that this is said with perfect sincerity, but *we* see evidence of compromise in the very *name* of the Society, whereby it seeks to conciliate the guiltiest allies of the slaveholder by repelling the coöperation of true friends of the slave who have separated themselves from a corrupt Church. We see evidence of compromise in the attitude of the Society toward the corrupt Churches of the land, and in its recognition of them as *Churches of Christ.*

4. "The principle of non-communion with slaveholders" and their abettors, which Mr. Cheever says it is "the speciality of the Church Anti-Slavery Society to carry into practical operation," is trampled under foot by the Society in the adoption of a name implying affinity with the pro-slavery Churches of the land, and by its members, one and all, every moment that they delay to dissolve their connection with such Churches? We appeal to Mr. Cheever himself if *he* is not, personally and professionally, in ecclesiastical and religious fraternity with ministers and Churches that he knows are pro-slavery—ministers and Churches in open fellowship with Southside Adams, Dr. Lord, Dr. Blagden and other clerical champions of slavery?

5. We have a letter from our correspondent, J. A. H., for which we cannot find room this week, informing us that the Worcester Church, to which Mr. Cheever alludes, has refused, by a vote of three to one, to discontinue its contributions to the pro-slavery American Board. Of what value, save as a revealer of its own delinquencies, is the resolution of such a Church in favor of "the principle of non-communion with slaveholders"?

6. If the Churches had wandered as far from what Mr. Cheever believes to be sound doctrine and practice in relation to the Trinity, the Atonement, or any other point of the evangelical creed, as he admits that they have in respect to the sin of slavery, would he *then* be in favor of staying in them and agitating there for their reformation? Or, would he flee from them, as Lot fled from Sodom, till he should find some Zoar where he might establish a true Church? He knows that, in such a case, he would be a "comeouter," nimble of foot and uncompromising in purpose? Does he then regard a theological error as more offensive to God and more injurious to men than the open advocacy of crime? Will he make haste to disfellowship and deny the name of Christian to a Church which he deems unsound upon points of abstract doctrine, and yet willingly remain in open communion with a Church which lends its support to the most stupendous villany of the age?

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

A WOMAN'S Rights Convention was held at Poughkeepsie on the 5th inst., immediately after the adjournment of the State Teachers' Association; and we judge from the reports in the papers that it was largely attended and very interesting. Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell and Susan B. Anthony were, on this occasion, the principal speakers. Miss Anthony, in a letter now before us, says:

"Our Woman's Rights meetings here have been a decided success—large attendance, and earnest listening by thoughtful people. We had three new and young women speakers—Helen M. Philleo of Oneida Co., Elizabeth M. Powell of Columbia Co., and Emily Drake of Dutchess Co.; also a young man, James De Garmo, of Dutchess. The principal of the Poughkeepsie Academy for young men, Mr. M. George, acted as chairman, and added his good word of endorsement of our claims.

"The Teachers' Convention gave evidence of some growth in liberal things. Only the few 'fossils' of College Professorships and dictatorial authority dared bid woman keep silence. But the equal humanity of women and negroes was most shamefully ignored by a vote of 47 to 23 against the following resolution:

"'Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to report, at the next annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, on the joint Education of Children without distinction of color or sex.'

"And yet, through dint of perseverance, another resolution for a committee to report on 'the *true basis* of gradation for our public schools,' with Elizabeth M. Powell, George L. Farnham and Mary S. Anthony as the committee, received a unanimous vote. Whether the 'fossils' failed to discover the pill under its nicely scented sugar-coating, or whether they concluded that further efforts to put down the discussion of live topics would be fruitless, I really am puzzled to decide.

"Great alarm was manifested on account of the Convention seeming inclined to fix upon Syracuse as the place for its next meeting. Your Brooklyn Superintendent said many of the teachers there were Abolitionists, and they would rush into the Teachers' Convention and take into their own hands the business of the Association. Therefore he urged that Palmyra should be the place."

Aaron M. Powell writes us as follows:

"There was much earnest discussion in the Teachers' Convention, involving the position of woman, and the question of admitting colored children upon terms of equality in the Public Schools. S. B. Anthony, Helen M. Philleo, Lizzie Powell, Mr. Farnham of Syracuse, and Mr. Cruttenden of New York, were especially earnest and faithful in their advocacy of the educational rights of all, irrespective of sex or color. Much credit is due to Miss Anthony for her untiring labors in this Association.

"The Woman's Rights Convention was a complete success, as to numbers and the intelligent, interesting character of the audiences."

RESCUE OF DR. DOY.—The "ten citizens of the Territory of Kansas," who planned and executed the scheme for the release of Dr. Doy from the jail at St. Joseph, Mo., have published a statement of the whole affair in the Lawrence (Kansas) papers, without disclosing their names. Their story does not differ essentially from that which we published last week, nor does it add any new facts of importance. It required no small degree of courage and prudence in a party of ten men to enter a city of ten thousand inhabitants, where they were wholly unacquainted, gain admission to the jail, and carry off a prisoner, without encountering any obstruction from the police.

THE FRIEND IN ENGLAND who was so kind as to send us a copy of Mrs. Howitt's Memoir of Garrison will please accept our thanks therefor.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

A SERMON,*

Preached Sunday Morning, August 7th, 1

bear against us with all the power of Omnipotence, and, breaking us down at last, fairly overwhelm and sweep us away with their floods of light. Vastly better is it if truth, as it is revealed, finds a natural and easy channel, in which it may flow unreservedly, than if, long pent up by the obstinacy of men, it comes down upon us suddenly, like a torrent from the hills, and spreads ruin all before it.

To speak the truth is every man's duty; not merely the duty of the clergyman, the public speaker, and the politician, but every man's duty; because the spirit of truth may come to one man as well as to another. Every person may have his deep convictions, and *should* have them, and those convictions are God's voice calling him to the office of speaker, and giving him an audience to address.

So far well. But the statement so far is but half a statement. To speak the truth is but half one's duty. The truth, to be well and effectively spoken, must be spoken in love. Why? Because we cannot be sure that it is truth unless it is so spoken. Truth is nothing but love in its intellectual form—the heart's good feeling expressed in logical shape and intelligible speech—the purer sentiment passed into clear thought. When a spirit, reverent, filial, devout, aspiring, charged with emotions deep and tender, sensitive to all holy and pure thoughts, quick to take impressions from divine things, responsive to every celestial influence, puts adequately into speech all it feels respecting God and Providence—that is so far the *truth* respecting God and Providence—the sanctity of the feeling measures the exactness of the doctrine. When Jesus, out of the fullness of an immeasurable trust, calls God Father, we are sure that God *is* Father. That heart-definition is the right definition. Hard-headed John Calvin, unimaginative and loveless, for whom natural beauty had no charm, and childhood no attraction—the logical man with his cold French intellect and his lawyer's education—may find this definition unsatisfactory, may pull it all to pieces, may prove very ingeniously by arguments that pinch you like a vice, may prove to you from the aspect of nature, from the facts of human experience, that God is not a Father, but a Fate or a Demon, who will plunge his children into an everlasting hell. Who cares what the chilly Calvin has to say on such a matter? He lacks the first qualification for understanding it, namely, a *heart*. He can tell us no more about God than a bricklayer can tell us about a sunset, or a house-painter can tell us about Titian's Venus.

The Christian theology, or the system of so-called truth about God, was framed by men with large brains, but small hearts, and is, consequently, what it is. Can we doubt that if *women* had framed it, its character would have been more merciful, and so more true? Would they have admitted a devil and an angry God? Would their gentler hearts have allowed them to conceive of a cursed humanity or an everlasting hell? a bloody Atonement, or an arbitrary Election to Grace?

We must come *heart first* to these subjects in order to apprehend them. It is written, "God is Love." Of course, then, only the loving spirit can find him and comprehend him; and the person who has such a spirit, the person who is reverent, lowly, trusting and devout, needs no education in the schools to be taught what and where he is, to receive his revelations and to know his ways. Theology has no mysteries which the simplest soul, so it be loving, cannot penetrate, and no depths which it cannot sound. But to him whose soul is yet heavy with indifference, or fear, or base desire, the clearest thoughts are a mystery unfathomable, and the shallowest truths are an abyss that cannot be gazed into. So it is in any question of morals—in any question implicating the facts of social life—in any question touching the institutions and customs of men. You cannot prove these matters by statistics, or try them by any admirable system of weights and measures. You cannot tell the truth about war by counting the number of the dead, or estimating the waste of treasure. You cannot sum up the evils of slavery by showing how many more bales of cotton would be produced by free than by slave labor. This, like all similar questions that interest humanity, concerns the *heart*. It touches human motives and affections. Of course it can be dealt with only by one who understands human motives and affections, and how can we understand these except through sympathy? Love first, then Light, is the law here. Is it not plain that one must *start* with some feelings of humanity in his breast, with some love for his fellow-men? Must he not bring to the inquiry, as a first condition of success in it, a respect for human nature, a regard for human happiness, a sense of the sacredness of the relation which exists between man and man, and a keen perception of the difference between justice and injustice, good and evil? Surely he must. A Christian's view of such matters would be truer than a pagan's, though the pagan might be the more deeply read and worldy-wise of the two. A saint's view would be more just than a sinner's, though the sinner were some Napoleon the Third, and the saint only some Lucretia Mott. People who undertake to discuss matters affecting the welfare of their fellow-creatures in a spirit of bitterness, in a narrow, selfish, partisan temper, or even in a cool, calculating mood, are as much at fault as if they should try to investigate the Golden Rule by aid of a microscope. They have not the instruments, and consequently they do not see the object; and their opinions are of no more value as representing the truth than would be a blind man's opinions upon the laws of light, or a deaf man's judgment upon a sonata of Beethoven.

Truth, then, must be spoken in love; because unless truth is born in love, it is no truth at all; and if it be born in love, in love it will be spoken. Only when so spoken is it spoken effectively, to willing ears and receptive minds. Men will not listen to truth, however clear and undeniable it may be to their understanding, if they feel that the person who presents it to them is seeking his own profit or fame, is giving vent to his private prejudices, or gratifying some personal passion. The most evident truths, the sublimest principles, the most inspiring thoughts ever addressed to human ears, fall utterly powerless from lips that are uninspired by deep and holy feeling; and men turn with disgust from the eloquence that pleads the selfish cause. They must be persuaded that the speaker has *their* welfare and the welfare of his principles at heart; that he is speaking not for his *own* sake, but for their sake, for truth's sake, for God's sake; then, perhaps, they will lend their ears and resign their understanding. I have often seen the pleading eloquence of a woman, speaking unwelcome truths, melt hearts which would only have been hardened by the argumentative or defiant tones of a man. It is the general belief that men so speaking—men who use harsh denunciation, bitter invective, sarcasm or abuse—are actuated not by any deep, comprehensive love of their kind, not by any earnest and profound concern for the cause they advocate, nor by their faith in the regenerating principles of Christianity, but rather by some personal pique, some party rage, which makes them hate a portion of their fellow-beings. The noblest and most evident truths never will conquer the public until the pleaders for them can gain the public *heart*. The history of Jesus, indeed, forbids our assuming that the truth will be welcomed even when it is spoken in love. But we may be very sure it never will be welcomed unless it *is* so spoken. And every conquest it has achieved hitherto has been gained not by *force*, but by *feeling*—not by argument, but by affection. I have in my mind two men—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING and THEODORE PARKER—both brave outspeakers of the word given to them. Dr. Channing had thoughts to deliver that were very far in advance of his generation and very offensive to the men of his generation. His views of Christianity differed more from those commonly entertained by the so-called Christian world than these last differed from the most revolting superstitions of Paganism. He would cut up the popular theology, and cast it away, root and branch. His position was that of an innovator and a destructive. But, with such noble earnestness his thoughts were delivered, in tones so persuasive, in language so measured, temperate and grave, in a spirit of such deep conviction, such entire self-forgetfulness, such sincerity of desire for others' good, that even opponents were disarmed in his presence, and men of strong prejudices, won by the evident humanity of a simple and fervent soul, let in the power of his thoughts before they were well aware of the danger. In all his writings, so various and so voluminous, there occurs no bitter sentence, no undignified sneer. His pen was never dipped in gall. He lived superior to private animosities and private ends. One cannot, indeed, read his books without feeling that he is in communion with a great lover of his kind, with a large, genial, glowing soul, that was perpetually yearning for the elevation and the blessedness of his kind. Shall we not say that it is *this* quality, above any other, or *all* others, that has made him the widely venerated teacher he is—that has commended his books to the multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic—that has made him the religious teacher and friend of people of all classes, and has enabled him to undermine the popular theology of Christendom?

Of THEODORE PARKER I can never speak but with the deepest respect. It is not his sickness that has warmed my heart towards him. Nor am I charitable to him through pity with his weakness. It is but a poor sympathy that is awakened by an attack of bronchitis or a threatened consumption. No, I respected and loved him in his strength. He has been my friend for years, and a noble friend he has ever been. An earnest, a consecrated man is THEODORE PARKER. Yes, and a deeply affectionate man, too—a man of gracious and tender spirit in the inmost. A generation or two hence, the Christian world will acknowledge gratefully its debt to this most learned and deep-hearted man, perceiving how completely his denials are swallowed up in his affirmations, losing sight of his errors in the majesty of his positive truths, and appreciating the full power of his thoughts on God and man. No man has done so much as he to break the spell by which superstition has held men for centuries enthralled. No man has done so much as he to bring men back from the abyss of materialism to a true knowledge of the living and infinite God. No man has done so much as he to revive the declining faith in immortality, by dispelling the doubts that were fast settling down upon it, by rekindling the heavenly consciousness which a bad theology had almost quenched in human breasts, by appealing once more to those native instincts of the soul which for ages had been discredited. No man has done so much as he to make Christianity a working power in a wicked world. Men say he is not a Christian. It is not easy in these days to define a Christian. If nobleness of character and fidelity of life be the test, I know no man who could submit to it more fearlessly than Mr. Parker. If he is a Christian who holds Christian ideas, who believes with all his might that God is the infinite and universal Father, that man is the child of God, created for an immortal life, destined to an endless spiritual development, his spirit vitally connected with the Perfect Spirit from which it receives immediate inspiration, and shall receive eternal blessedness—if to believe all this is to be a Christian believer, surely Mr. Parker is one, for no one living sets forth these great truths so earnestly and so eloquently as he. Alas! what a pity that such a great message should be marred in the delivery by any peculiarity of temperament, by any seeming malice or personal rancor, by any mocking wit, or biting sarcasm, calculated to excite evil passion, and hardening the heart before the ear had time well to hear the word! They who do not know this man say he is a *hater* and a *scoffer*, and that is enough; haters' thoughts cannot be true thoughts, scoffers' words cannot be wise words. They misjudge him. They do not understand a spirit which is deeper than their own. They do not make allowance for his provocations. They will not see that he is more sinned against than sinning. He is *not* a hater nor a scoffer; but he *seems* to be, and that seeming, however deceptive, must delay long the reception of truths which would be a blessing to millions of men.

We must not fancy, however, that truth spoken in love must be truth spoken very softly, in sweet, sugary, liquid sentences, the wholesome medicine being disguised in treacle. We must not mistake oiliness for charity. Love is not a sentimental, syrupy spirit, which will not allow men to speak above a whisper. Most men mean by *charity vacuity*, and *insipidity*—a lisping, simpering grace, that goes about with a bottle of rose-water to cure the sins of the world withal. They have no conception of the strong, terrible, holy passion that it is, driving men into the wilderness and making them walk smiling to the stake. It is love of God and man, nothing else, that compels good people to speak the bold truth—and compels them to speak it so that men cannot misunderstand it, in kind, but strong, straight-hitting, cleaving speech. Love constrains to be uncompromising and plain. Men who are in earnest for the salvation of their brothers cannot afford to be soft-spoken. As I read the history of truth, I find that the hardest words have always been uttered by the saintliest men. According to the intensity and comprehensiveness of the love is the intensity and fulness of the speech. People urge it against Jesus that he used harsh language—that he dealt in reproaches, and hurled right and left the bolts of a terrible invective. Can we not understand that it was the very greatness of his love for mankind that tore these words from his lips? It was because his love for men was so intense, his zeal for their well-being so deep, eager and comprehensive, that his words leaped from his mouth like fiery shot, and shattered men's consciences in pieces. It is because we love men less, are infinitely less eager for their well-being, are infinitely less sensible of their miseries and wrongs, infinitely less appreciative of their capacities and needs, that we think his words rude and intemperate. But the same Scripture that speaks of God as love speaks of him also as a consuming fire; and the consuming fire is only the genial love collecting all its power to carry an opposing point. The heat that withers, scorches, *blasts*, is only a greater degree of the heat that gently animates and warms.

But I have dwelt too long upon this general question. The text has other applications which concern us in our common life. It is often necessary to tell people the truth about themselves. God has made us in a manner responsible for each other's safety, the keepers of each others virtue. We are more keenly alive to the weak and faulty points in our brother's character or behavior than he is himself; and when we are, do we not owe it to him to speak? All persons, perhaps, to some extent, can best look at their failings through other eyes, and judge of their conduct by seeing it reflected in the conscience of a wise and noble friend. It becomes then, surely, that friend's duty to perform this highest and best service, and he is faithless to the obligations of friendship if he performs it not. A delicate duty it is, and a difficult one, and one that needs to be discharged by a very true and tender spirit, but therefore all the more calling to be discharged. Unhappily this duty is recognized chiefly by those who do not understand it, and is performed by those who make very bad work of it. It is taken up by a class of people whose conscience is critical without being just, and morbid without being tender; a class of people whose delight it is to thrust unwelcome truths into the face of their neighbors, with an air of ridicule or defiance. They maliciously insinuate, they harshly sneer, or brutally snub, in a peevish and snappish way, that never does anything but irritate, mortify and discourage. They seem not to care whether you mend the fault or not; in fact, they create the impression that they would rather you would keep it as a mark for their raillery and a butt for their ill-humor. It is never a duty to say an unwelcome truth, if you cannot say it tenderly. Silence is better than uncharitableness. We have nothing to say in defence of the people who go about as if it was their mission to communicate ugly news; the pharisaically pious and arrogantly humble and spitefully conscientious men, and especially women, who always have an eye upon their neighbors' affairs, and are ready at a moment's notice to step across the way with a brotherly or sisterly admonition; the sanctimonious people who exhibit their own virtue by exposing others' vices, and warm up their dry old hearts at the fire of criticism which roasts a friend. Grant that what they say is the truth—from those lips it is not a truth, but a LIE. It is a false message, because it is only verbally true. We must be sure that we have the love before we dare to speak a word. But if we have the love, if we know that our heart is clean from every spot of pride or anger, if we know that we are actuated by the purest motives, or if we stand so related to a person that such motives may fairly be presumed, then the consciousness that the word we have to utter is a true, wholesome and urgent one should make us bold to utter it, candidly, sweetly, generously and firmly. It may be ungracious, it may be painful; but no Christian has a right to consider that, where his brother's welfare, or safety, perhaps, is involved. Genuine kindness is privileged to speak, and it will use its privilege not in vain. The arrogant David, in the pride of his might and the fury of his lust, was not angry when Nathan came into his magnificent presence, and told the story of the pet lamb, and said, with gentle but grave remonstrance, "Thou art the man." The hot-headed, ungovernable, reckless Duke of Burgundy learned to receive the rebukes of Fenelon with a meekness that would be beautiful in a child. True, we are not Fenelons, but neither are we called to deal with Dukes of Burgundy. Of course, men are sensitive, passionate, vain—slow to confess a weakness, ready to pass off a vice for a virtue, anxious to keep up appearances jealous of any intrusion upon the privacies of their own consciences. But I believe there is not one of us who would not be deeply grateful to the friend whose deep and true love gave him the right, the courage and the will to speak the sternest truths about him to his face.

It is often a duty to speak the truth *about* people. One of the most solemn duties of life—a duty that we owe to ourselves, to society, and not less, I think, to the person, living or dead, who is spoken of; a duty which no false modesty, or fastidiousness, or fancied propriety should induce us to ever omit; and yet a duty so difficult and so delicate that what is called, in the foolish world, *charity* makes a principle of not discharging it at all. Yet surely it is of the utmost importance that men should know who and what people are with whom they may be dealing—who and what people *were* whose memory they are blindly revering. No Christian will let prudence or politeness, or a mistaken respect for persons, silence his mouth when unprincipled men are misleading their fellows to their hurt. I have no patience with those excessively amiable persons who make it a virtue never to speak ill of anybody. Are all men and women saints? Or if *sinners*, is it none of our business to know it? I am fully conscious of the dangers of speaking. The danger that one may deceive himself, may injure innocence, may encourage a censorious spirit. One walks here amid dangers all the way. The slanderer claims to speak nothing but the simple truth when he blasts the character of his brother man with reckless wickedness. The gossip professes to speak the simple truth when he undermines reputations for sport. The libeller protests that he utters only what is true when he spits his venom maliciously upon the objects of his personal dislike. The satirist falls back upon the assertion that he reports evident facts, when possibly contempt is lurking in every line he writes. It is never a duty to speak truth about men just because it is truth, and we happen to know it. It is never a duty to speak the truth about men when it is not likely to benefit in a much greater degree than it injures. If charity leads to the exposure of many sins, it always covers up a multitude. Still, charity does lead us to expose many. Charity imposes this duty—love bids us speak ill as well as good of our neighbors. Let the lover, then, do it; but we must all then become lovers, that we may all do it on occasion. For, verily, few things need more to be done than this; and few things are done so badly. So *very* badly is it done, that the actual doing of it is one of the curses of the world; so very badly that good men say, "let it not be done at all—better silence than slander"; so badly that, from time immemorial, there has been a motto, "*Nil de mortuis, nisi bonum*"—"speak nothing but good of the dead"; let the telling of bad truth about men stop with the grave, as if all the talk of the earth was nothing but slander, insult and reviling!

If death could only enforce the maxim it has suggested, and stop slander at the grave, we would call it most blessed of angels. Since last we met here, the telegraph wires have brought us the report of a noble man's death. Noble he was indeed, loyal and brave, a man devoted to the best interests of his fellow-men, a foe to all iniquity, a friend to all righteousness, a cleaner heart and a holier conscience in a naughty world; but in his life he was misrepresented and abused. If death would exert its charm now over slanderous tongues to silence them forever; if death would just touch with persuasion eloquent lips and make them declare all his great worth as a man, a patriot, a philanthropist, a pure character to be looked up to and copied by all young men! But Mr. HORACE MANN will sleep in an obscure grave, and they who have always spoken the truth about him thankfully will now speak the same truth in tears. Meanwhile, our ears are even now ringing with the forced lamentations, the decorous groans, the ceremonious and fulsome oratory which but two or three weeks since strained to exalt an unscrupulous advocate, a reckless master of tongue-fence, a man undistinguished by any of the grandest qualities that ennoble humanity, and very much distinguished for some qualities that are not good at all, into the rank of patriot, sage and Christian. Of him the truth must not be spoken, for the truth would not be flattering, and him men dared only flatter! But why should truth be buried in the grave? What title has death to cast the veil of oblivion over human follies, and change the vices of men into virtues? What title has death to hoodwink our sense of justice, and to lay the finger of silence upon righteous lips? What title has death to canonize sin? The dead are our rulers—nay, they are our *idols*. A few years pass, and they are taken up into the bright skies of our imagination, to be revered as heroes and demi-gods, or to be execrated as villains and demi-devils. We take them as examples, we appeal to them as guides, we make them the measure of our existence; surely, then, we ought to know the truth about them ere it is too late. It is a serious thing to confuse the standard of virtue, and mislead the veneration of the world. It is a serious thing to let a bad man pass on to immortal fame, and a good man perhaps pass on to immortal infamy—and all because their death-knell has struck. It would be hard to say which has done the most mischief in the world, injustice to the living or misjudgment of the *dead*. Let us have the *truth* now at least. The dead cannot be harmed by it, nor grieved by it. Nay, they must wish it to be spoken freely for the instruction and benefit of their fellow-men. It is simple justice that calls for it. The highest love demands it—Christian charity is here the revealer, inspirer and guide; Christian charity that will not speak evil falsely, nor yet will falsely speak well of any.

For a Christian there is but one crowning duty—to be humane, to *love* his brother man with a deep and abiding affection. Let him do that as Jesus shall teach him, and as God's holy spirit shall aid. Let him do that, and he will know when he must speak and when he must be silent. When he is called to speak, his words will be articulate charity, powerful to convince, persuade, subdue. When he is silent, his silence, eloquent as speech, will speak a truth as deep and merciful as any language can convey.

PERSONAL.

Harriet Beecher Stowe and her husband left this port for Europe one day last week.

Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell will preach in the Friends' meeting-house, at GHENT, on Sunday afternoon (to-morrow) at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Hillard writes to *The Boston Courier* from London, under date of July 20, as follows: "Mr. Sumner is here, in better health than I have seen him in at any time since the outrage upon him."

Dr. Cheever was expected to deliver a lecture on slavery at Trumansburg, N. Y., yesterday (Friday), by invitation of the anti-slavery members of the East Genesee Methodist Conference, now in session at that place.

Charles Whipple, father of Charles K. Whipple of Boston, died at his residence in Newburyport, a few days ago, at the age of 78. He was a printer and bookseller, and occupied almost the same location for more than half a century. He served his time with Isaiah Thomas in Worcester.

The Evening Post announces, on the authority of a private letter which arrived by the Persia, from an intimate personal friend of the novelist, that Mr. Charles Dickens will visit this country during the ensuing autumn, and give the readings from his own works that have been so successful in England.

It is announced in the Chester County (Pa.) *Times* that Lucretia Mott will attend Friends' meeting, at the usual hour, in Little Britain, Lancaster County, to morrow (Sunday). On the same day she will speak at Eastland Hall, at 3 o'clock p. m. The same paper understands that she will attend a series of ten meetings in Chester and Lancaster Counties, of which notice will probably be given.

The Boston *Bee* relates the following reminiscence of the late Horace Mann:

"In the Drayton Trial, which occurred at Washington, December, 1848, Mr. Mann, who was counsel for the slaves, made the point that the servitude of the negroes ought to be proved by something else than the claim of the master; and likened it to the case of an indictment for stealing foxes, which held by nature must be shown to have been caught and subjected. While he was exercising this illustration, Mr. District-Attorney Key, the same who was shot last February by Daniel E. Sickles, wrote the following squib and handed it over to the opposite counsel:

> "'To illustrate the point he's making:
> In larceny, there must be a taking.
> A fox, he says, cannot be stolen,
> Be he young, or be he an old 'un.
> Pursuing hounds say he's mistaken,
> At least so far as to the taking.'

"It was not long before the following bitter retort by Mr. Mann was written on the back of the same paper, which was left on the table for the consideration of the District-Attorney. The allusion to 'ten dollars a bill' regards the fee Mr. Key received on each of the three hundred and forty-five indictments which he caused to be filed against the prisoners of the Pearl:

> "'Fox-hunting abroad, and slave-hunting in doors,
> I beg leave to suggest do not run on all-fours;
> Foxes do not eat foxes—brute natures have bounds,
> But Mr. District Attorney, out-hounding the hounds,
> Hunts men, women and children, his pockets to fill,
> On three hundred indictments at ten dollars a bill.'"

A letter in the Cincinnati *Commercial* thus enlightens us as to the cause of Horace Mann's lamented death:

"His disease, though called by one or two of the physicians the typhoid fever, and by another the dyspepsia, was in reality exhaustion. He was literally *worn out*. He was President of the College, President of the Board of Trustees, and President of the Executive Committee. In addition to the labor of all the foregoing positions, he was obliged, during the last term, to entertain a large circle of friends, write his baccalaureate address (one of the greatest productions of his life), defend the College against the attacks of its creditors, and help redeem it from insolvency. The College failed to furnish him with enough money to enable him to hire a secretary, and hence he was obliged to do all the work himself. The duties of his office were enough to have worn out three or four stouter men (physically) than he was. With fewer cares and a moderate share of labor, he might have lived many years longer. He has fallen a martyr to his favorite employment—the advancement of education. He was worn out, and died at the age of sixty-three."

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. IX.

PARIS, July 21st, 1859.

WHEN, in my first letter to THE STANDARD, I compared the Italian question to a theatrical performance, I did not myself know how true my comparison would prove. At the moment when the excitement of the spectators and the actors was at the very highest pitch, the curtain has fallen, and we are all left to our reflections. These reflections are sad indeed, and the peace of Villafranca has justified the accusations of the most bitter enemies of Louis Bonaparte. On the 11th July, the two Emperors met in a small villa of Villafranca. The demeanor of the young sovereign of Austria towards his more fortunate enemy is said to have been like that of a modest lieutenant before a marshal of France. Undoubtedly the *parvenu* sovereign enjoyed the humiliation of the descendant of the long line of Hapsburg; he remembered that for the second time in this century an Austrian Emperor was obliged to meet on equal terms a Bonaparte. For the second time they met enemies and parted friends. After the interview, Paris received the following despatch, directed by the Emperor to the Empress. Every word of this historical document is indeed worthy of attention: "Peace has been concluded between the Emperor of Austria and *me*. The basis of the peace is an Italian Confederation, under the honorary presidency of the Pope. The Emperor of Austria gives up his *rights* on Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who delivers them to the King of Sardinia. The Emperor of Austria keeps Venetia, but this province becomes a part of the Italian Confederation." How could I better comment on this imperial despatch than did our clerical and ultramontane paper, the *Univers*? "What we enjoy most," says the Catholic editor, "is that revolutionary principles receive no consideration in this despatch. The Emperor of Austria gives to the Emperor of the French his *right* over Lombardy. He abandons as a king what he has lost as a king, and the Emperor of the French, in his turn, giving Lombardy to Piedmont, his ally, disposes as a king of what he has gained as a king. This is the pure monarchical tradition. No mention is made of the revolutionary right; it is not Lombardy that gives itself; it is ceded by one king, and given by another to a third."

In his proclamation to the Italians in Milan, Louis Bonaparte told them, "If there are men who do not understand their epoch, I am not one of them." And now he disposes of the fate of provinces as did the kings of the middle ages. In the same proclamation he said, "I do not come here to impose my will upon you; my army will have only two objects, to fight your enemies and maintain internal order. It will put no obstacle to the free manifestation of your legitimate wishes." And now he dictates peace, without consulting Italy; he does not even consult his brave ally, Victor Emanuel; he replaces Venetia under the hated domination of Austria; he extends to all Italy the papal influence; he restores to their thrones the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, who fought on the Austrian side at Solferino. Louis Bonaparte had solemnly promised that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic; yet Austria keeps her fortresses; the city of MANIN remains in her hands; and in the new Confederation, with the Pope on her side, she will rule all Italy with even more security than before.

When Louis Bonaparte put himself at the head of his army and solemnly proclaimed his intention of freeing Italy, how many people believed that he was ready to put himself at the head of the revolution, to free the nationalities, to expiate his past crimes by a great work of liberation? Those illusions are now gone, and gone forever. It must be clear to every one that the principle of nationality is nothing more to Bonaparte than a convenient tool for his ambition, just as was the Eastern question, or any other. What is now to be thought of Garibaldi, of Ulloa, of Cavour himself, who has nobly tendered his resignation to his king and refuses to have anything to do with this rotten peace of Villafranca? The people here in Paris thought, a month ago, that after having liberated Italy, their sovereign would perhaps condescend to liberate France; but they see no signs of such a thing; the papers receive oftener than ever the usual warnings—*avertissements*; people have been arrested in the Faubourgs for having expressed their disapprobation of the conditions of the peace. It is too clear now that the Italian question was a simple move on the great chess-board of Europe; the final move must be against England and Prussia. Louis Bonaparte enlists for the great struggle all the forces of the despotic countries; Russia is on his side; he has now bound to his cause the Austrian Emperor, anxious to take his revenge, and the Pope, whose position is magnified to a degree which seems incredible in the middle of the nineteenth century. Two nations stand now before the allied despots, both Protestant, both liberal; their cause is so closely united that it will be difficult even for Louis Bonaparte to *localize* his next war; he must meet both his enemies at the same time; the one with that magnificent army which he proudly, and justly, perhaps, calls invincible; the other with the fleets which are being prepared at Cherbourg, Brest and Toulon, combined with the Russian fleet of the Baltic. Such, undoubtedly, are the dreams of this meanly ambitious spirit, which knows no rest, and has spent its activity in perpetual conspiracy, from the days of Strasbourg and Boulogne up to the present moment. But it may be that those dreams will never be embodied; already Mazzini and the revolutionary party are regaining strength in Italy, and in the shop-windows of Milan and Turin the picture of Orsini is said to have replaced that of the *liberatore*, already called *traditore*. There are signs here that France regrets the sacrifice of five hundred million francs and thousands of her bravest sons, which she would have willingly made for the liberation of Italy, but which now only serves personal and mysterious purposes. It may be, too, that the Russian alliance will somewhat lose its force; a common hatred of Austria was the origin of it; but since we are now to be such good friends of the young sovereign of Vienna, a little coldness will perhaps be perceived in the next diplomatic mission of Prince Gortchakoff.

Since every tale must have a *moral*, I think that the *moral* of the Italian war is this: The principle of non-intervention is, after all, a good principle. In a recent speech made in London, on the 4th of July, Mr. Dallas, your minister at the Court of St. James, was praising France for the sacrifices she was making for the welfare of Italy, and he reminded his auditors that America had been helped, too, by France in her war of independence. The two cases, it seems to me, were widely different; the help offered by Lafayette and the French *gentilshommes* was voluntary. It was of such a character that Lafayette could pretend to no interference in the diplomatic settlement of the treaty which followed the war; Lafayette's force was too small to be otherwise than auxiliary. Did ever Washington take the *mot d'ordre* from the French General, as did Victor Emanuel from Louis Bonaparte? In the present juncture, the French Emperor, under pretence of helping the Sardinian king, played, in fact, his own game; in such circumstances, intervention is nothing short of intrusion; and the war begun for Sardinia was ended before Sardinia knew it, and with stipulations which fill every Italian heart with rage and shame. Never were the defects of the principle of intervention illustrated with such force and clearness. I could willingly draw another lesson from these events, to wit, that men do not change; however they may alter everything in their outward appearance, there remains always something within as unalterable as the diamond, as persistent as life itself. The man who never had any respect for the truth has no right to be trusted; the man who, in order to serve a criminal ambition, has been willing once to shed innocent blood, knows no mercy, and will never know it, under a similar temptation. The man who has contrived to destroy all political life in a nation which has fought so many battles for liberty, will never be the liberator of Europe; this man, who has given France over to the priests, could not diminish the power of the Pope. He is the Machiavelli of our century; not only the Machiavelli of the *princes*, but the Machiavelli of the *people*. Whoever could have been present at his interviews with Kossuth, with Garibaldi, with Ulloa, would have heard something very different from what was said in the four hours' mysterious interview of Villafranca. The proclamations which cover the walls of Paris, and are intended for the populace, are not very much like the counsel sent by Count Walewski to his diplomatic agents in Europe. Sometimes we hear of justice, civilisation, nationalities, the interests of the people, &c., &c.—sometimes of the danger of revolution, French interest, French influence, the interest of the sovereigns, the necessity of crushing the press, the danger of liberty, &c. Till now, the double game has been very successful, but the day will come when the blindest will perceive the truth, and the exasperation of all will perhaps produce events even more surprising than the 2d of December or the peace of Villafranca.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

RUFUS CHOATE.

BY GEO. W. PUTNAM.

THE summer day is waning fast,
Eastward the shadows lay,
A steamer, with her flags half-mast,
Is passing up the Bay!

The white foam dashes from her bow,
The white wake melts behind,
And sounds of bells and cannon now
Float seaward on the wind!

Along where Maine's rough sea-coast frowns,
From Fort, beach, rock, and reef,
The dwellers in the seaboard towns
Thus spoke their bitter grief!

And now the Bay State's rugged shore
Takes up the sad refrain,
"Who saileth these deep waters o'er
Shall sail them ne'er again!"

Where, far away, like silver bands
Dotted with storm-bleached pines,
Stretch inland Annisquam's white sands
In long and glistening lines—

Hark! to the solemn tones that roll
Over yon low hill's brow!
The bells of ancient Essex toll!
Her dead son passeth now!

The lightnings told us what they saw
When he lay cold and wan!
That the imperious Lord of Law
Had the long journey gone!

And still the cliffs along the shore
Bear up the wild refrain!
"Who goeth now, forevermore
Returneth not again!"

Leaving his fire-touch on my brain,
The Judgment Angel passed!
Looking far out beyond Life's main,
Beyond the flags half-mast,

I saw him sail another sea,
Whose chart he failed to find;
And the dark cloud of Memory
Was following close behind!

And ever o'er the eternal wave
This cry before him ran—
"Of all the glorious gifts God gave,
He nothing gave to Man!"

Ay! swell the requiem bell and gun!
A warped and darkened soul
Passed, from a few brief victories won,
To Retribution's goal!

Helping Oppression day by day,
The Tyrant's steadfast friend,
O'er human hearts his pathway lay,
From Life's morn to its end!

All that our Fathers died to save,
The miscreant laughed to scorn!
And flung the earth from Freedom's grave
Into the eyes of Morn!

Gone now Life's tumult, roar and rush,
With vision keen and broad,
He, and the souls he dared to crush,
Stand face to face with God!

To-morrow pampered Priests shall lie,
Around his heavy pall
The strength of Northern tyranny
Shall darken Faneuil Hall!

But calm shall be his pallid brow,
And dim his eagle eye;
The silent sleeper heeds not now
Their hollow eulogy!

Nevermore shall those haughty lips
Mock Freedom 'neath her domes;
Or bid men swing their bloody whips
Around New England homes!'

But up along the narrow street,
For many a weary mile,
With measured sound of tramping feet,
His funeral train shall file.

The Judges and the Counsellors,
Marching to muffled drums,
Weep that the Leader of their wars
So pale and silent comes!

The iron hinges of the tomb
Grate harshly in their rust;
And in the twilight's gathering gloom,
Dust shall be given to dust!

But onward sweeps the gallant bark,
Heedless of praise or ban,
Past where the foaming breakers mark
The bleak shores of Cape Ann;

And in the setting sun's red beam,
She rides the billows high;
And wildly waves her plume of steam
Against the leaden sky!

She passes Thatcher's Island heights,
And westward, leagues away,
Fitful and dim the "Boston Lights"
Gleam through the sea-mists gray.

The threatening storm-cloud looms a-lee!
Sadly the cold winds moan;
He sails to night *another* sea,
And saileth it ALONE!

A CARD FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

JAMES MOTT, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, takes this method of saying to the friends who have so generously responded to his appeal for funds, that he has not deemed it necessary to answer each of their letters in detail, but that a full acknowledgment of all receipts will be found in the Treasurer's Report at the end of this month. He desires that those persons to whom application has been made, who have not yet responded, but who mean to do so, will be good enough to make their remittances by the 31st inst.

"THE HEARTHSTONE," a monthly magazine, devoted to Domestic Economy and the Welfare of Woman, and published in this city by Woods and Co., 505 Broadway, has reached its eighth number with the issue for August. In it are published, from time to time, the proceedings and papers of an association of ladies of New York, called "The Hearthstone Club." It is not intended to be a vehicle for the discussion of "woman's rights," but rather a repository of useful information in all that pertains to household affairs. It has already, we understand, obtained a wide circulation. Terms, 50 cents per annum.

MISS GRIFFITH'S STORY.—The third chapter of "Madge Vertner" accidentally failed to reach us in time for this week's issue. It will appear next week, after which, we trust, the story will proceed without interruption to the end.

Summary.

Miss Bates, the sister of the Hon. Edward Bates, of St. Louis, recently emancipated the last of thirty two slaves, who formed part of her inheritance, and whom she gradually set free as they became prepared to take care of themselves in freedom. Judge Bates emancipated the last of his slaves several years ago.

SHE "FLU THE TRACK!"—A Mississippi County Clerk having issued a marriage license for a young man, shortly after received the following note from him:

"Sheate of Miss July the 5 1859.

"Mr. Moody ples let This matter stand over until further orders the girl has Flu the track By her own Request and Release my name off of this Bond if you ples."

The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* is much grieved at the escape of Dr. Doy from jail at St. Joseph's, Mo. Forty murderers or thieves might have broken jail, and it would have been mildly indifferent. But when a man whose crime consists in helping negroes towards Canada and freedom escapes punishment, the sacredness of law is terribly shattered, the Constitution totters and anarchy and misrule menace both Church and State.

SOWING TARES.—A good story is told of a grave divine on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair, and discovered his amiable helpmate in the performance of an act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge of fifty cents to the State—in other words, mending his pantaloons. Inspired with a love of fun, which seldom affected him, he inquired, 'Why are you, my dear, like the evil adversary spoken of in Scripture?' Of course she was unable to discover any resemblance. 'Because,' said he, 'while the *husbandman* slept, you *sowed the tares!*'

CUBA.—A letter to the Charleston *Courier*, dated Havana, July 23d, says: "A new set of rules for the discipline of the colored militia in this island have recently been issued, by which we are informed there are to be sixteen companies, of one hundred and twenty-five men each, of black and colored militia; that the enlistment will be, as far as possible, voluntary; but should sufficient numbers not volunteer, then a forced enlistment will be resorted to; that the recruits are to be robust, between twenty and thirty years of age, and not less than five feet tall."

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—A writer in a South Carolina paper says:

I have tried the following, and find that it works like a charm." Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, evaporate by placing it in a tin vessel, and hold it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitoes.

One night, not long since, I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I neither saw nor heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.

The central dome of the Church of the Trinity, in the large monastery of Jellovodskii, at Makrew, in Russia, a short time since suddenly fell in with a tremendous crash. Fortunately no one was in the building at the time. An enormous plated lustre, suspended from the centre, and which dates back as far as 1660, was broken to pieces, as were also the statues with which the church was ornamented. The large iron gates at the front entrance were burst open. This building, which dates from 1658 had been richly ornamented by presents from the merchants frequenting the fair held at Makrew, before its removal to Nijnii in 1817.

ABOUT A PIG.—"Patrick, the widow Molony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor."

"Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the Judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverance?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, thin, yer riverance, I'll say, Mrs. Molony, there's your pig!"

SPIRITUALISM.—Prof. Felton, of Harvard College, has published a letter in which he denounces spiritualism as an exploded humbug, and declares its supporters and mediums to be impostors. The Springfield *Republican* says: "The fact may be a lamentable one, but Prof. Felton will find, if he takes the trouble to inquire, that spiritualism is still terribly alive and in earnest, and takes no pains to conceal itself; is in fact organizing into a permanent institution and sect. It will soon become conservative and respectable and get recognized at Harvard, perhaps, as one among the heterog

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A PROEM.

Oh! blame me not that I have loved
To think of him of whom I sing,
Nor that my love my fancy moved,
In idle hours, the wreath I bring,
To wear; for he was of the great,
Whom nature sends, but now and then,
To glorify our feeble state,
And draw our hearts to her again.

For he was bold new truth to seek,
Affrighted Error's frowns despite;
And in melodious verse to speak
His hate of wrong, his love of right,
Cunning; and as the moon the tide
Compels, so with his fiery rhymes
He sways, though long ago he died,
The onward motions of our times.

Oh! blame me not; my song is weak—
All words are weak our thoughts to limn—
But could my spirit fitly speak
Its love, its reverence for him,
The world should listen silently
With throbbing heart and tearful eyes,
And we forevermore should be
Among its fondest memories.

J. A. DORGAN.

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

HOTEL BYRON, LAKE OF GENEVA, June 24th, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: Ever since my last of the 15th (commenced at Horgen and finished at Arth), I have sought for time to give you some sketches of the beautiful and sublime scenes that have been daily passing before my eyes. But we have moved so rapidly from place to place, and there has been so much to be seen everywhere, that I have not found an hour to devote to you. On the whole, I am not sorry that my letter has been deferred until now, for there is no more appropriate spot to write about Switzerland than *Hotel Byron*, situated at the head of Lake Leman, i. e., the Lake of Geneva, within half a mile of the Castle of Chillon, and named for the poet, who has done more than any other by his writings to awaken in those who can read English a longing to visit Switzerland. A hotel placed here is really the most suitable monument that could be reared to the memory of that unhappy genius, Lord Byron.

At 3 p. m., on the 15th, we left the village of Arth—one of the ladies and myself on horses, the other lady in a chair carried by two men, and the two gentlemen on foot—to ascend Mount Reghi.

A mile from the hotel we left the common road, and commenced the ascent. It soon became very steep, rugged and zig-zag. I was glad, at 4 1-2, to alight from my horse at a small inn about one-third of the way up the mountain, and rest myself and my panting beast. There was little or no danger in making the ascent. It is only laborious, for in many places the horses really had to scramble to get up. But I saw that it would be perilous to *descend* on horseback, and soon determined to get down in some other way. We reached the summit a little after 6 o'clock, and one glance at the panorama was enough to repay me for all my toil. More than half of Switzerland lay before me; and such a prospect, I venture to say, is nowhere else to be seen on earth—such a union of the sublime and the beautiful. In the distance was a range of lofty mountains, covered with perpetual snows, their white tops glistening and glowing in the light of the declining sun. Nearer and more near were other ranges, some of them precipitous, rocky, jagged, barren; others of gentler descent, graceful in form, verdant to their summits. At the feet of the former were often to be seen huge heaps of stones and earth that had fallen from above, piled up in comical shape, some still naked, and the deep furrows made by their descent still visible on the mountain side; others covered all over with the greenest shrubs and trees. At the feet of the other ranges were still gentler slopes of pasture, orchard and vineyard, and then perfect levels of meadow land, covered, like our German flats on the Mohawk, or the Connecticut meadows at Southampton, with every kind of grain and grass, just now in their richest attire. Villages, hamlets and single houses were dotted all over the habitable surface, and that in Switzerland includes some pretty steep places. But not the least beautiful features of the panorama were the numerous lakes in plain sight—all of them looking small indeed from our post of observation, but varying in size from six to twenty miles in length and from one to three miles in width. No picture that I have since seen, except the moving diorama at Lucerne, does any justice to the prospect from Mount Reghi. I am sure no verbal description can, and therefore I shall drop mine as it is half done, hoping that the Sucerne diorama may at some future time be carried to our country, and then many there who cannot come to Switzerland will have the pleasure of seeing something like the view from the top of Reghi.

When I was a boy, I used to read with thrills of horror Mr. Buckminster's account of the destruction of the village of Goldau by a fall of a part of the mountain Rossberg, calculated to have been three miles long, a thousand feet broad, and a hundred feet thick. From Mount Reghi I looked down upon the scene of that horrible catastrophe, and with a spy-glass could distinctly trace the form of the avalanche, the outline of the space it covered, the remnant of the small lake that it half filled up, and the huge masses of rock that were hurled across the valley, and part way up the opposite mountain.

Although I was extremely fatigued by my ride and walk up the mountain, I could not go to bed until I had seen the sun set. It was a gorgeous sight, but not unlike what I have seen at home. We were disappointed in not beholding the effects that are said to be produced upon the near and the distant mountains seen from Reghi when there is not a cloud intervening between them and the setting sun.

So I went to bed at 9 o'clock, hoping that at sunrise the next morning I should see what I was told would be a still more glorious sight.

But I was too tired to get to sleep immediately, and had not slept half enough, when at 3 1-2 o'clock, we were all roused by the mountain horn blown by stentorian lungs. Yes, roused only to another disappointment. Banks of clouds were hanging on the eastern horizon, so that we did not know the sun had risen until he had attained ten or fifteen degrees of his ascent. It was very cold. I skulked to bed again, and made an appendix to my too short night's sleep.

At 9 o'clock we left the Mountain House, and commenced our descent on the opposite side. As I had before determined, I would not venture upon a horse's back down the many very steep places that I was told were on the way. I had not strength enough to walk to the bottom, so soon as our party wished to get there. Nothing else could I do, therefore, but take a "*chaise a porteur*," i. e., a stout arm chair with a foot board, swung between two long poles and carried by two men. It proved to be an easy and, on the whole, an agreeable mode of conveyance, over such a road. One has to reconcile himself to the apparent misuse of his fellow-men in thus subjecting them to the work of horses. But I found men there eager for the job. They could earn more money that way, in three hours, than they could in two days at farming; and as one of them said to one of my lady companions, who expressed her unwillingness to impose on them such hard work—'Oh! God gives us the strength to do it, and gives you the money to pay for it." So I made myself easy—and more easy by occasionally getting out of my chair and walking a half mile. In this way we got down the mountain much quicker than we went up, and reached Weggis, a village upon the lake of the Four Cantons, a half hour before the steamboat. But she came at her appointed time; and we embarked at 10 1-2 to go to Fluelen, at the head of the Lake. This is the most irregular, the most picturesque and the most historically interesting lake in Switzerland. It is rather a union of several lakes, viz, Lucerne, Kussnacht, Alpnach, Buochs and Uri. The shores of this compound lake are, as Murray says, "a classic region—the sanctuary of liberty; on them took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland. Here, the first confederacy was formed, and, above all, its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of William Tell. On this account they are sometimes called Tell's country." Those of you who have travelled upon Lake George and the upper halves of Skaneateles and Seneca Lakes have seen sights that somewhat resemble those which we saw between Weggis and Fluelen. But the mountains that overhang our lakes are not so lofty, nor are the shores so irregular.

Soon after leaving Weggis, we came in sight of the village, once the republic, of Gersaw. It occupies not what can be called an intervale, but the united slopes of two high, precipitous mountains, which together shut it out from the rest of the world, excepting by the way of the Lake. It is about three miles long and two miles wide; scarcely an acre of it is level ground, but it is cultivated throughout, supports a population of more than 1,300 souls, and from 1390 to 1798 it was an independent republic, governed by its own laws and magistrates.

A mile or two after passing Gersaw, we came to another thriving village, called Brunnen. There the lake turns almost at a right angle; the mountains on its shores are still more lofty and precipitous. We soon came in sight of a shelf of green earth, which we were told was Grutli, the spot where the three noble insurgents, founders of Swiss freedom—Werner Stauffacher, Erni an der Halden and Walter Furst—met, in the dead of night, at the end of the year 1307, and formed the plan which resulted in the liberation of their country from the yoke of Austria. We looked at it with veneration as we passed—veneration for the men who, though galled to the desperation of revolt by the wrongs they had suffered, bound themselves by a solemn oath to be just and merciful to their oppressors, as well as faithful to the cause of freedom.

But we soon espied, on the opposite shore, close to the edge of the water, a small building, towards which all the eyes of our fellow-travellers were earnestly directed. We saw that it was a chapel, and learnt that it was erected there to mark the spot upon which William Tell sprang from the boat of the tyrant Gessler, who was carrying him a prisoner to the dungeon of Kussnacht. Once a year the people of all the region round about come in boats to that sacred spot, and join in religious exercises, and listen to discourses, commemorative of that event.

A few minutes' sail, after passing the chapel, brought us to Fluelen, the port of the Canton Seri. There we took a carriage and rode three or four miles to Altorf—saw the monument that marks the spot where Tell stood, and dined at the hotel close by the spot where his son stood when he shot the apple with an arrow from the head of the boy. Yours truly, SAMUEL J. MAY.

GENEVA, June 26, 1859.

Since my visit to the country of William Tell, I have seen more that has interested me, and that would interest you, than I have seen in the same number of days since I left Rome. I have been to Lucerne, and have looked with admiration upon Thorwaldsen's Lion, of gigantic size, sculptured in the face of a rock at the base of a mountain, in memory of the Swiss Guards, who, animated by a sense of duty, suffered themselves to be cut to pieces, in defence of the King and Queen of France, in 1797. It was one of the most attractive and impressive works of the chisel I have ever beheld, though I have been to Rome.

I have travelled over the Brunig Pass, and been to the beautiful city of Interlaken; and thence made an excursion over the Wengern Alp, under the droppings of the very eaves of the majestic Jungfrau. I have seen there mighty avalanches of snow, in one of which enough fell to have filled our Fayette Park full to the tops of the houses. Then I descended to Grindelwald, and saw one of the largest glaciers, it is said, in all Switzerland. Afterwards we came to Berne, the city that is given almost to the worship of bears, the city in which there is the funniest clock in the world, and where we obtained the finest view of the oberland, or highest Alps in Switzerland.

From Berne we came to Vevey, over a most excellent road, through a charming country, on a delightful day, and saw a good-looking, happy-seeming population, all the way, out in the streets of their villages, for it chanced to be a holiday.

Next morning, from Vevey we went to the head of Lake Leman to the *Hotel Byron;* and visited the Castle and Prison of Chillon, and saw the slanting rays of the setting sun stream across the gloomy dungeon of Bonnivard, and took hold of the iron ring to which he was chained for four years.

And we have come down the beautiful Lake of Geneva, fifty miles in length, and have seen, as we passed, the house where Byron wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon," and the house where Gibbon wrote his history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and the villa where M. Necker and his illustrious daughter, Madame de Staël, lived and wrote.

But I have no time to tell you anything more about all these places and things, for here we are in Geneva, the place where John Calvin did his great and some of his wicked works—in Geneva, within sight and an easy day's ride of Chamouni and Mont Blanc—in Geneva, on the very confines of Sardinia, from which seat of war have just come tidings of another terrible battle, in which thousands have been murdered, many more thousands fearfully mangled, and the Austrians again routed.

Geneva is not in itself so pleasing as several other cities we have seen. But it is a central and important place.

We reached here yesterday at one o'clock; and after dinner, I walked about to see the city, where many illustrious persons have lived, and which Calvin converted from the Roman Catholic faith, and then ruled it himself with a rod of iron. It is very irregularly built upon a very irregular surface of land, at the foot of the lake, all the old part of it between two rapid rivers, the Arve, which pours down a turbid stream from Mont Blanc, and the Rhone, through which the blue but clear waters of the lake rush out and onward to the sea. The meeting of these rivers takes place a mile and a half out of the city, and I have been, as almost all strangers go, to see it. It is very similar to the meeting of our own Mississippi and Missouri. For half a mile after they come together the muddy Arve and the clear blue Rhone flow on, side by side, as if determined not to mingle their waters; but then their mutual repugnance is overcome, and the dirty river defiles the clear one all the rest of their joint career.

This forenoon I went to the large, old cathedral church, where John Calvin preached for more than twenty years. It was despoiled of every vestige of the Roman Catholic worship, for which it was built. But it is ill adapted to the Protestant service, which it is intended the people should hear and understand. The voice of the preacher reverberated so from the lofty arches of the Gothic building, nave, aisles, transept and apse, that I could not perceive the articulation of half the words the Rev. gentleman uttered. His manner was earnest, impressive, eloquent—but his words I could not hear, and I am ashamed to say (such is my ignorance of the French language, in which he spoke) I should not have understood half if I had heard all.

At the conclusion of the service, I went to the foot of the pulpit stairs, and waited until the minister descended. I found he understood no more of my language than I did of his. But I communicated to him my wish to know if that was indeed the church and the pulpit in which John Calvin used to preach. He assured me they were the same; "and there," said he, "is the chair in which he sat." So I ascended the pulpit stairs, and sat down awhile in the very chair of the great Reformer.

As I was coming out of the church, an agreeable-looking young gentleman accosted me in correct, but imperfectly pronounced, English. I soon learned that he was a Norwegian, taking Switzerland on his way to one of the universities in Germany, whither he is going to study theology. We were not long in getting acquainted sufficiently to walk together to the house in which Calvin dwelt nearly all the while that he lived in Geneva. It is now occupied by the Sisters of Charity.

On my return to our hotel, I met, upon the bridge that connects the old part of the city with the new, a blind old man, with a bundle of papers, which he was loudly crying for sale. I bought one, and found it, as I expected, an extra filled with items of news from the seat of the war, and from other parts of Italy—items that will reach you, no doubt, before this letter can. Truly, the last battle has been a fearful one, almost without a parallel in the history of modern warfare.

Here, in Geneva, the public sympathy is with the French and Piedmontese. But not so in Germany, especially in those states that lie nearest to France. They do not indeed love the Austrian government; they sympathize with Italy, and would rejoice to see that whole peninsula freed from the tyranny of the House of Hapsburg, and from the temporal dominion of the Pope. But they distrust the French. They have suffered too much in times past from the military ambition and prowess of that war-loving nation not to fear that their signal success against Austria will influence them to attempt new conquests—and the valley of the Rhine, which has so often been laid waste and pillaged by the French, is still too easily accessible by their armies, and too tempting a prize.

For myself, I cannot believe Napoleon III., with the lesson of his uncle's life before him, and in the light of the nineteenth century, will violate his pledges, and obliterate the moral glory of the enterprise in which he declares himself to be engaged. But we shall soon see whither this movement is to lead. My fear now is that Prussia and the German States, distrusting the French Emperor, may anticipate what they believe to be his design, and plunge into a war with him, which he has no wish to incur.

But I am not wise in such matters. You must therefore look elsewhere for opinions upon which to rely.

CHAMOUNI, June 28.

In December, 1820, I went to Springfield, Mass., to visit my friend Rev. W. B. O Peabody, and preach my first sermon from his pulpit. He was a true poet himself, and an ardent lover of the good poetry of others. During my stay with him, he repeated to me many choice pieces. One in particular is now brought most affectingly to my remembrance. It was Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc, written at Chamouni, an hour before sunrise." I was so much delighted with it that I copied it, and committed it to memory. It had not then been published in our country. Mr. Peabody had recently received it, in manuscript, from a friend in England. It was too good to be kept for the gratification of the few. So I sent a copy of it to the Rev. H. Ware, Jr., then editor of the *Christian Disciple*, Boston; and it was published in that excellent periodical, in the course of the year 1821.

If you were now within the reach of my voice, I should love to repeat or read it to you in the imposing presence of the mountain that inspired it.

I confess that, when we reached this valley last evening, I was at first disappointed. The mountain did not seem to me so elevated as I expected. Mont Blanc did not present the appearance which Mr. Coleridge described. I went to bed with the feeling that poets take greater liberties in the pictures they give us than painters.

But I arose about 1 o'clock this morning—looked out of my window, which commanded a fine view of the lofty pile, and then I saw the vision that presented itself to the adoring eyes of the author of the Hymn.

To-day I have clambered up and down one of the mountains that belong to this mighty group. I have been to the *Mer de Glace*, i. e., the Sea of Ice—the largest of all the glaciers. It is 6,300 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 3,000 above the valley of Chamouni. Still it is far below the monarch of the Alps—*Mont Blanc*—whose summit is said to be 15,760 feet above the sea.

It took us three hours and a half, on a mule's back, to reach the small inn, that overlooks the Sea of Ice, or rather the lower portion of it, which alone is visited by ordinary travellers.

After taking rest and refreshment, we ventured forth upon the "motionless torrent," the "silent cataract." Each of us was furnished with an alpine staff, which terminates in an iron point; and those who wished were aided also by the strong arm of the practised guide. Walking upon that sea was less difficult than I expected. The ice was not very slippery. Though the surface was quite uneven, the guides knew how to lead us over the frozen billows: and one went before with an axe, and cut steps in the ice, wherever it seemed necessary.

Three of our party went only half across the sea; the younger and stronger ones went entirely over, and returned to the valley by another path. We were told by our guides that we had seen, when half across, all the wonders of that frozen deep that could be seen without going to the other side, which we had determined (I now think unwisely) not to do. After spending about an hour upon the glacier, we returned to the inn. We had walked over many acres of ice under a hot sun. We had looked into *crevasses* or fissures in that frozen sea, down which streams of water were falling, three, five, seven hundred feet. We had seen the *sources* of the Arve and Arveiron, those mountain rivers that "rave ceaselessly at thy base," O! Blanc! And we thought we ought to be satisfied. But we have since learned that, on the other side, we should have seen new wonders, the sight of which would have amply repaid us for the additional fatigue we should have endured and danger we might have incurred.

After an hour's rest at the inn, we remounted our mules, and commenced our return to the valley. The descent was more rapid, but less pleasant, and often dangerous. At one place I alighted from my beast, preferring to get down as best I could, on my feet, than trust myself on the back of the most sure-footed of all animals. But soon my admiration of the caution and singular discretion of the mules in selecting the best stepping places inspired me with confidence. So I remounted, and have reached the valley and our hotel without any mishap, grateful to my careful mule, my devoted guide, and to that good Providence which has bestowed such gifts and graces upon these Alpine men and beasts.

HEIDELBERG, July 4, 1859.

We left Geneva on the morning of the 30th ult., and have been travelling diligently every day since, until 8 o'clock, evening before the last, when we arrived in this city.

We came by railroad as far as Yoerdon, the place where Pestalozzi finally established his famous school for young children. There we took a steamer and came through the Lakes of Neufchatel and Bienne to Nidare. The scenery of these lakes resembled very closely that of the lower part of our Skaneateles.

I met a gentleman who told me he was just from Milan, and from the fields on which have been fought the late horrid battles of Magenta and Solferino. He said no one who has not seen can imagine how they look. Houses and barns completely riddled; fences scattered over the ground; trees torn to pieces by cannon balls and strewn around the places which they had so long shaded and adorned; the ground ploughed up and covered with mangled human bodies, or arms, legs and heads, and in many spots literally soaked with human gore. It is supposed that neither of the Emperors dares to let his people know the actual number of the slain and wounded. Will the time never come when men will be ashamed of such diabolical butchery? The fiends of hell could not get up more shocking sights. To insist that such conflicts are necessary is to deny common sense to the human race, and impute cruelty or incompetency to the Great Creator.

COBLENTZ, July 6.—I must skip from Neufchatel to this place, where we arrived last evening. We came yesterday more than 60 miles by railroad from Heidleberg to Mayence, and from Mayence to Coblentz, by steamer down the Rhine, 56 miles.

At Heidelberg we united with more than fifty of our countrymen, from sixteen of the States of our Union, in celebrating the Fourth of July. We started at 2 p. m., in a steamboat; went eight or ten miles up the beautiful Neckar to a small village called Neckarsteinach. There we spent three hours in dining and hearing speeches full of patriotism and poetry, and got back to Heidelberg early in the evening, with the universal acknowledgment by ladies and gentlemen that we had had a good time.

Our young friend and former fellow-citizen of Syracuse, Rosseter Raymond, was one of the committee of arrangements, and contributed his full share to the wit and pleasure of the party. Opposite to me at the table sat a young man in whose countenance I discerned features that were familiar to me. It was a son of my old friend, Rev. Dr. Hall, of Providence, R. I. We grasped each other's hands, and held them in a transport of joy at meeting so unexpectedly. There is a peculiar delight in thus seeing old acquaintances and friends, or their children, in a foreign country, far from home, which if you would know, you too must come to Europe.

Truly yours, SAMUEL J. MAY.

A LETTER HOME.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VILLAGE OF ———, July 17th, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER: The moon shines too brightly, this lovely Sunday evening, to be deserted for sleep, so I sit here, at my open window, scribbling a little to you. The roses and honeysuckles clamber up the casement, filling all the air with their delicious fragrance; and in the garden below, the tall white lilie sand the stately yucas stand silvery in the gleaming moonbeams. The fire-flies sparkle among the dark foliage of the shrubbery; and between the boughs of the trees I can catch, now and then, a glimpse of the glittering surface of the bay that stretches, broad and still, in the moonlight, while I remember these lines of Geibel:

"Seest thou the sea? Over its surface glow
The sunbeams bright;
But where the pearls rest, in the depths below,
Is gloomy night.

"That sea am I. In proud and troubled waves
Rolls my wild heart;
And my songs swiftly into its deep caves
Like sunbeams dart.

"They gleam with magic joy and many a jest;
Love too hath part;
Yet silent lies within my secret breast
My gloomy heart."

This morning, Fanny and I went up into the grove, which lies at the back of the house, taking with us, as our companion and preacher for the Sunday morning, "Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister," just published, but which you have probably already seen. I wish that every one might read this book. Surely every candid man must be convinced of the purity and nobleness, the earnest love of truth and courageous self-devotion of the writer. And is not here a true hero, a real conqueror far more deserving of our admiration and gratitude than a Napoleon or a Cæsar, with their martial music drowning the sobs of the widows and orphans they have made and the smoking towns and wasted fields marking their way? Shall we ever learn to see that, in very truth, "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war"?—that Parker in his pulpit, Emerson in his study, Florence Nightingale in the wards of the Crimean hospitals, Dr. Kane amid the frightful silence and frozen horrors of two Arctic winters, nursing the sick, cheering the despairing, doing the work of all, and resolutely fighting against sickness and want—

"Because his death would seal his comrades' fate"—

are nobler, truer heroes than Alexander, sighing for more worlds to conquer?

How much of self sacrifice, how many heroic traits do we meet even among the lowest and most ignorant of men! Do you remember the poor Esquimaux, who stripped off his own seal-skin robe to cover Dr. Kane, when they were passing the night on the floes, because he saw that he was suffering? With such an example before our eyes, how can any one assert the innate depravity of human nature? This poor, ignorant savage might put to shame many a one who calls himself *civilized* and *Christian*. Dr. Kane's biographer, speaking of his hero in his younger days, says, "Elisha never reformed; he just persisted until he performed what was in him to do."

I think we should cease to think so much of *changing* our natures, and think more of *developing* them, repressing the evil and encouraging and nourishing the good that is in us as in him. "The rills, so tortuous and turbulent near the springs, may roll themselves into a river in time, and regulate their rush without losing it."

I send you herewith a translation I have made of a German hymn, and will let it close this poor letter.

GOD IS LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VOSS.

God is Love! ye heavens resound,
Love is God! in starry choir!
From our hearts' depths wells the song;
God is Love! still higher, higher.
Like dust He scatters sun on sun,
And worlds in joy go circling on;
The soul of man still worlds along
In dull earth-joy—in bliss ere long.

God is Love! e'en when the fires
O'er town and forest madly roar,
When the uprooted mountains totter,
And o'er the land the torrents pour.
God is Love, though gloomy war
And pestilence may rage afar;
E'en though the death-angel may
Snatch men from the light away.

God is Love! How soon arises
In youthful strength the spirit brave;
And now still clearer floweth wisdom,
The rosy morn its wing doth wave.
But upward, upward still doth hie
The God-head's glimpse—Humanity;
The heart with human joy and love
Swells high—foretaste of bliss above.

How empty all its wisdom seems
When the Soul mounts to Thee above!
Only a sparkle of Thy fire,
The purest glow of human love!
O lift me up from my life-dream
To catch Thy light's most distant gleam!
With veiled face and holy fear,
Unto Thy splendor we draw near.

M. GUIZOT has just supplied an elaborate and exhaustive preface to a French translation of Motley's *Dutch Republic;* and is now at work on a new historical performance, which is to comprise a view of English affairs from the accession of James I. to the abdication of James II.

CHARITY.

O LOVE, how wondrous thou and holy;
When nought on earth hath power to quell
The iron might of melancholy,
One touch of thine hath snapt the spell.

One vigil by a fevered bed—
One solace given to heart opprest—
One pang assuaged, one aching head
With gentlest soothing lulled to rest:

To weary age one fond caress,
Poor guerdon for the love of years—
One smile at childhood's playfulness,
Or patient care to dry its tears;

Or less than these—the common flow
Of simple, self-forgetting mirth,
When veils the heart its inner woe,
So not to cloud the social hearth:

These, when, as locked in polar ice,
Lifeless and crushed the heart has lain—
These, like a breath from paradise,
Have warmed it into life again.

O gentlest minstrel! thou canst tell
What best can soothe the troubled breast:
"He prayeth well who loveth well!
He prayeth best who loveth best!"

E.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

NORTHERN SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Sweden and Norway, and probably too in Denmark, there are some curious superstitions which the civilization and enlightenment of the present century have not yet eradicated from the beliefs and memories of the peasantry. They are nearly all of a harmless, somewhat poetical character, though many of them may be traced back to pagan times, and most of the rest to a period when paganism was beginning to give way before the force of Christianity. There is no telling strictly how old they are, nor how they came originally to be believed. No doubt the rugged and massive scenery of the Scandinavian country had something to do with their creation; desolate rocks and mountains, precipices and torrents, lonely lakes and interminable forests, being naturally suggestive of invisible and mysterious powers, and tending to impress beholders with a sense of awe and wonder. Be this as it may, the northern mind, familiar through long ages with awe-inspiring objects and phenomena, has shaped the feeling of dread and mystery so engendered into sprites, fairies, elves, and mountain-monsters, spirits of fells and cataracts, demons of storms and hurricanes, and the wandering ghosts of men and women too sinful to be admitted into heaven. There are other appearances, of a partly human and partly monstrous nature, which seem to represent certain spiritual and moral contrasts, and reflect the popular conceptions of the supernatural consequences of good and evil actions. Our information on these matters is not very extensive, but we have gathered lately, from reading Mr. Brace's book on *The Norse Folk*, some few singular particulars which will probably be entertaining to the most of our readers.*

One of the most fearful phantoms to a peasant benighted on a lonely mountain road is the *Aasgaardsreia*, or the "Wild Riders," who, should a storm be going on, are apt to gallop by with a horrible glee, enough to terrify all hearts but the stoutest. These are the spirits of drunkards, and ale-house fighters and perjurers, who, having been considered hardly bad enough for the depths below purgatory, are compelled to ride over the world till doomsday. They are mounted on coal-black steeds, with eyes of fire, and red-hot iron bridles; and the clanking and rush they make as they sweep over lake and mountain may be heard at the distance of many miles. They appear to be more commonly heard than seen. They ride most at Christmas time, and especially like to frequent scenes of drunken fightings and carousals, or places where murder is being planned or perpetrated. If they drop a saddle on the roof of a house, the inmates may expect death. Whosoever meets them should throw himself flat on his face, till the clanking, cursing crew have passed by, in which case he will probably not be hurt. This is said to be one of the oldest beliefs in Norway, dating before the introduction of Christianity. One may suppose it to have originated in some one's taking fright during a tempest.

The story of "Gertrud's Bird" is a curious superstitious legend, which travellers in Norway are apt to inquire about from frequently hearing it alluded to. Thorpe, a writer quoted by Mr. Brace, gives it as it passes current among the peasants. "In Norway," says he, "the red-crested, black woodpecker is known under the name of Gertrud's Bird. It came to be so called from the following extraordinary circumstance: When our Lord, accompanied by St. Peter, was wandering on earth, they came to a woman who was occupied in baking; her name was Gertrud, and on her head she wore a red hood. Weary and hungry from their long journeying, our Lord begged a cake. She took a little dough, and set it on to bake, and it grew so large that it filled the whole pan. Thinking it too much for alms, she took a smaller quantity of dough, and again began to bake, but this cake also swelled up to the same size as the first; she then took still less dough, and when the cake had become as large as the preceding ones, Gertrud said: 'You must go without alms, for all my bakings are too large for you!' Then was our Lord wroth, and said: 'Because thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt, for punishment, become a little bird, shalt seek thy dry food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains.' Hardly were these words spoken when the woman was transformed into the Gertrud bird, that flew away through the kitchen chimney; and at this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, because she was blackened by the soot. She constantly pecks the bark of trees for sustenance, and whistles against rain; for she always thirsts, and hopes to drink."

This is strange enough as a piece of natural history; but it seems to shadow forth a certain moral meaning which is tolerably obvious. The poorest understanding may gather from it that one ought to avoid greed; that in bestowing charity, it is not proper to be stingy, but what is given should be given with a free and ready hand. A significant moral meaning seems also to be figured in the anomalous creature called the *Huldra*, in whose material existence there is a very widely-spread belief. This creature looks like a beautiful woman, but is disfigured by a cow's tail and udder. Being in the habit of attending country-weddings, it sometimes happens during the dancing that her tail betrays her; and very much offended she is if she finds it noticed. Polite people accordingly avert their eyes as much as possible, but take care not to remain long in her company. She is pictured as a sad and pensive being, with a face of wondrous loveliness; and her song, which is often heard in lonely places among the hills, has a tone of melancholy which excites sympathy and pity. The belief respecting her is very ancient, and seems to personify the moral disfigurement which arises from the inseparable union of the animal nature with the higher spiritual qualities when the propensities have been predominantly developed. The mixture of loathsomeness with beauty is thought to proceed from, and be a fitting punishment of sin.

The notion of a supernatural influence affecting a person's fortunes, and being the cause of his success or non-success in life, appears to be very prevalent among the northern people. Two peasants, let it be supposed, start in life with equal blessings; each has his rich grain-fields, his patch of wood, his red house, his horses, and his cattle. One thrives from the beginning, and always goes on thriving; his stacks are fuller every day, his crops better, his live-stock healthier, his house constantly protected from storms and the effects of winter. With the other, it is just the contrary. The roof of his house leaks, his barns decay, the wheat mildews, the hay rots, the land grows every season poorer. What is the reason of this difference? Manifestly, the first has his *Tomte*, or little attendant spirit. The last has offended this friendly guardian. The Tomte, as every peasant knows, is the spirit of some poor heathen slave, who must work out his salvation by kindly services to human beings before the day of judgment. He is a repulsive, deformed little fellow, hardly larger than a baby, with a shrivelled, shrewish old face and is fantastically dressed in a red cap, gray jacket, and wooden shoes. The unlucky peasant had seen him at the usual time of his appearance, the broad noonday, dragging wearily along an oaten straw to the stack, or one ear of wheat to the barns, and scorned him, and railed at him, saying he might as well bring nothing as such trifles. Then the Tomte, feeling hurt at the treatment, has gone over sadly to the other, who now becomes rich, while the first sinks into poverty. If the Tomte brings only an acorn to the barn, he must not be despised. A proverb says: "The woodman holds the axe, but the Tomte fells the tree." One sees that the virtue of thrift, the duty of being careful of small things, is here allegorically inculcated. Let every man, and no less every woman, take heed to cultivate the favor of the Tomte.

The superstition about *the Puke* is more commonplace, but may be noticed in passing. He is a kitchen elf, who is apt to leave offensive traces of his presence about the milk-vessels. Certain old women, it is said, are accustomed to sell themselves to the devil, in order to get possession of these elves, as then they will have as much milk and cream as they desire. If any one wishes to discover these old women, the litter left by the Puke must be collected and burnt with bits of wood from *nine* different trees, at a spot where three roads meet, and then the old ladies will appear. The Puke, if traced to his hole, might perhaps be found to be a mouse; but one does not see how the possession of such a sprite could tend to *increase* the products of the dairy. Does the fable point satirically to some ancient practice of adulteration among milk-dealers, presumably now obsolete—to some "cow with an iron tail," for instance, whose "profits," by judicious mixture with the produce of the more authentic cattle, may be supposed to have occasioned the augmentation? One trembles not. Such a theory would account for the increase of the *milk*, but how about the *cream?* There needs another theory to account for that! and so we must leave the Puke in his original state of mystery.

Many of the Swedish superstitions have a specially characteristic tone—a more sober and religious element than the superstitions of other European peasantry. This is particularly true of those which appear to have sprung out of the struggle between heathenism and Christianity. The mysterious spirits of the streams and mountains are not merely fairies—creations of pleasant fancy; they are the unfortunates who did not enjoy, in their mortal lives, the light of Christianity, and are now awaiting the Redemption. They are often mournful, almost despairing creatures; and the passing traveller may wound them bitterly by hinting reckless opinions respecting their condemnation. A plaintive melody is sometimes heard about the shores of lakes, which is attributed to the *Necken*. This being is described in different forms; sometimes as a young man with bestial extremities, representing the power of animal passion, which has brought him to this deformity; sometimes as a forlorn old man; but more often as a sad and solitary youth playing a harp upon the waters. The best offering that can be made him is a black lamb, accompanied by hopeful expressions with understood to be most concerned. Tell him that he is cut off from all chances in this direction is the way to overwhelm him with sorrowful consternation. Two boys are reported to have once said to them: "What dost thou profit by sitting here and playing? Thou wilt never gain eternal happiness"; an unfeeling taunt, which threw him into a passion of weeping. Among the stories related of the Neck, Thorpe quotes a beautiful one as follows: "A priest, riding one evening over a bridge, heard the most delightful tones of a stringed instrument, and, on looking round, saw a young man, naked to the waist, sitting on the surface of the water, with a red cap and yellow locks. He saw that it was the Neck, and in his somewhat intemperate zeal addressed him thus: 'Why dost thou so joyously strike thy harp? Sooner shall this dried cane that I hold in my hand grow green and flower than thou shalt obtain salvation.' Thereupon the unhappy musician cast down his harp, and sat bitterly weeping on the water. The priest then turned his horse, and continued his course. But lo! before he had ridden far, he observed that green shoots and leaves, mingled with most beautiful flowers, had sprung from his old staff. This seemed to him a sign from Heaven, directing him to preach the consoling doctrine of redemption after another fashion. He therefore hastened back to the mourning Neck, showed him the green flowery staff, and said: 'Behold how my old staff is grown green and flowery, like a young branch in a rose-garden; so likewise may hope bloom in the hearts of all created beings, for their Redeemer liveth!' Comforted by these words, the Neck again took up his harp, the joyous tones of which resounded along the shore the whole night long." A pretty story, surely, and one suggestive of charitable sympathies and hopeful considerations touching the fate of the fallen and the lost.

There are some curious legends connected with particular localities and striking natural objects, which obtain extensive credence, not only among the northern peasantry, but even to some extent among the more refined and educated classes. At a certain old castle in the southern parts of Sweden, Mr. Brace was shown an antique drinking-horn and a little bone or ivory whistle, which are reported to have come into possession of the family through a very remarkable circumstance. The legend runs, that there was once a terrible giant who lived in a mountain at some distance from that neighborhood, and who took great offence at the erection of a church by some pious Christians about fifty miles off near the sea. Though so far off, it seems the giant could not help hearing the singing of the nuns; and it grieved him. Every morning and evening his peace of mind was disturbed by the holy chantings, until at length he grew very angry, and took up a great stone, as large as a considerable house, and threw it with all his might at the pious edifice. The stone, however, broke in two without reaching it, and one piece fell not far from the aforesaid castle. It lies there in the shape of a large boulder near the village. For a long time, no one observed anything wonderful about this stone, and it was not suspected that the wicked little mountain folk, called the *Trolls*, came there; but in the course of ages, stories got abroad that these fantastic little elves were in the habit of raising the stone on golden pillars, and dancing under it. A grand old lady lived at the castle then, and, when she heard of this, she became possessed with a great desire to know something of the habits of the fairies; so she promised gold and jewels to any one of her huntsmen who should visit this giant's stone when the Trolls were there. The Trolls, you should be informed, always dance on Christmas morning, between cockcrowing and the break of day. At first, no one ventured to go, but finally a brave young huntsman volunteered, and on the Christmas-eve rode forth to the stone. "When he came near by, he heard the voice of music and dancing, and he saw the great rock raised up on golden pillars, and bright lights underneath. And there was a host of beautiful little fairies, dancing, and singing, and drinking, as if mad; they wound about among each other, and flew and whirled like the leaves in a whirlwind; and there was one of them who was the most beautiful creature ever seen. She had a diamond crown, and a little whistle in her hand: it was the queen of the elves." Seeing the bold huntsman, she ran towards him and welcomed him; and he was so charmed with her, that he hardly knew what he was doing. Telling her servants to offer him drink, they brought him a hornful of some not very pleasant-looking liquor. He was just on the point of tasting it, when his good angel whispered to him that if he did so, he would straightway forget everything in his past existence, and become transformed into an elf; so he dashed the drink on the ground, snatched the whistle from the queen, and spurred his horse away. Where the drops fell on his horse from the horn, the hide was burnt. The elves followed him close, shrieking and crying fearfully, like the witches after Tam o' Shanter. Had they caught him, it may be supposed he would have fared worse than Tam's gray mare. Luckily, the direction he had taken was the way homewards. As he approached the castle, he found the portcullis down, and the lady and her guards standing waiting for him. They knew if he could only get over the moat, the Trolls could not injure him. Galloping up with the speed of the wind, he barely escaped being overtaken. At length, however, he sprung upon the bridge, got safely over, and it was drawn up after him. Then there stood on the other side great numbers of the little elves, moaning and crying piteously: "Give us our horn and our whistle! Oh, do give them back to us!" And the elfin queen came forward, and offered countless diamonds and stores of gold to the lady if she would be pleased to give them up. But the lady replied: "Thou wicked imp! thou shalt never have thy horn and whistle again. They shall remain here; and thou mayst cry till ye all come to judgment at doomsday!" Thereupon the queen said that if they persisted in keeping those elfin things, they must guard them carefully; for should they be at any time taken away, the castle would be burnt down. And the lady answered: "Begone, ye goblins! In the holy name begone!" and at that word they all vanished into the air, and were never seen any